

2

LAVINIA,

A POEM;

AND

AN ASIATIC PETITION.

BOTH RECOMMENDED TO THE

ATTENTION OF THE LADIES,

By A FRIEND.

FAVOUR IS DECEITFUL, AND BEAUTY IS VAIN: BUT A WOMAN THAT FEARETH THE LORD, SHE SHALL BE PRAISED:—FOR HER PRICE IS FAR ABOVE RUBIES.

SOLOMON.

EDINBURGH:

1799.



PREFACE.

IN the following Poem both incidents and sentiments are introduced which are not in the original. While the Writer amused himself with this, and similar essays, in a leisure hour, he thought it might promote the interests of religion, to consecrate to her service such pieces of deserved celebrity, by diversifying their form, or mode of versification, and introducing other moral and religious sentiments. The improvement of young people, especially those of the female sex, is chiefly intended. But how far this small performance is calculated to promote that important purpose, is the province of the reader to determine.

It is presumed, that the freedom taken with so celebrated a poet as Thomson, may be justified by the example of Dr Young. In his Paraphrase of part of the book of Job, he tells us, that he has "omitted, added, and transposed." In the following Poem, Thomson's ideas and diction, in his Lavinia, are retained, so far as consistent with the versification. Some disparity in the style, between what the writer only accommodated to the nature of the verse, and what is his own, may be easily perceived.

The character of Boaz and Ruth, from which Thomson evidently formed that of Palemon and Lavinia, will justify the piety displayed in their sentiments and conduct. To render the story more complete, such incidents are borrowed from the book of Ruth as coincide with that poet's plan, and are calculated to illustrate and enforce the moral.

Example instructs more effectually than precept; and in the fair sex acquires a commanding influence. That of the humble and modest Lavinia teaches young people to reconcile their minds to their condition; to be devout towards God; and also respectful and affectionate to their parents, whatever change age, infirmity, or misfortune may produce. Her history shews the advantages which result from due resignation to Providence, and the persevering resolution of serving God, at the risk of every sacrifice. It exhibits encouragement to rely on God when the world frowns, and its

prospects fail; and to expect his blessing, and promised aid, to enable to be faithful, and to cause the patience of hope to triumph.

As young persons naturally wish to enter into the matrimonial state, and are in no small danger of forming improper attachments, it may prove conducive to human happiness, to direct their attention to an amiable model of virtuous love. But it is unnecessary to anticipate what will occur on perusal.

It may be thought that the great truths of Christianity might be more freely introduced; but that part of Scripture, from which the leading incidents of the Poem are borrowed, contains these only in figure. In a version which the writer has lost, the happy pair were made to speak the language of faith in the future advent of Messiah, and their hope he might spring from their loins, as actually was the case with Boaz and Ruth. But as the names of Palemon and Lavinia would ill suit persons of Jewish extraction, to preserve uniformity, such sentiments have been omitted in this version.

The Asiatic petition appeared in some of the public papers as a great curiosity. Though the metrical version does not pretend to retain all the beauty and simplicity of the original; yet care was taken that none of the ideas should be lost. That petition deserves attention, not only as a specimen of the Eastern style, but likewise, as displaying an amiable example of conjugal affection. Hence it was thought proper, it should accompany the other poem, which presents a pattern of virtuous love, and the reward of persevering piety. A calamity so feelingly described may have been too often realized in Eastern countries. If so, will not Providence requite it in the day of retribution, which awaits communities as well as individuals?

Should the Youth of either sex, whose minds are too apt to be poisoned with vain Romances, be induced to turn their attention to this small performance, and derive any pleasure or benefit from its perusal, the Writer will deem himself abundantly rewarded.

LAVINIA.

TO what vicissitudes does time expose?
What various events in its course disclose?
Those who to-day in wealth and friends abound,
To-morrow poor and desolate are found.
But why despond? for Heav'n reverse can soon
Their gloomy state—make bright as beams of noon.
God's love or hate cannot, mean-while, appear
From what mens sons, tho' guilty, suffer here.

A noble purpose fair examples serve,
From virtue's paths they teach us not to swerve,
Tho' ills assail, and a vain world should frown;
For upright souls have joys to this unknown,—
Bliss in reserve which time cannot destroy,
Their checker'd lot admits ev'n present joy.

Young fair Lavinia once of friends could boast,
But the bright prospect soon, ah! soon, was lost.
Tho' on her birth deceitful fortune smil'd,
She was bereft, when but a helpless child,
Of ev'ry stay, save innocence and Heav'n—
The chief solace to tried virtue giv'n.
A Parent's sorrows bare she with her own,
Felt all her pangs, and moan return'd for moan;
A tender Spouse, a loving Father lost,
Who lately was their glory and their boast.
Their grief to heighten, soon a famine rose,
And urg'd to seek some shelter from their woes

In distant climes, where they might safe sojourn,
 Till better days should welcome their return.
 Ah! human crimes oft break the staff of bread,
 Expose a nation ev'n to scenes of dread,—
 In which the virtuous as the guilty share,
 Tho' those be not abandon'd to despair.

As on they travel, and their case bemoan,
 Without one friend, to all around unknown;
 Yet still confide they in the Pow'r above,
 Whose ways are mark'd with equity and love,
 When most to nature they are rough and hard;
 For He corrects each object of regard.
 The pious Daughter soothes her Parent's heart,
 Tho' sad remembrance makes her own to smart.
 They mingle tears, impart each care and hope;
 For to their minds, at times, bright prospects ope.
 Their journey ended, they once more their care
 Repose on Heav'n, their comfort seek in pray'r;
 Intreat God would be still their shield and guide,
 O'er-rule for good whatever might betide.

Some years they spend in this forlorn retreat;
 With hope and fear, by turns, their bosoms beat.
 They amid strangers find a short repose,
 Tho' not complete exemption from their woes;
 Till once they heard the rage of dearth was o'er,
 And plenty crown'd their native land once more;
 Whence now return they to that fav'rite soil,
 Tho' still to earn their bread with care and toil.

In the dark region where they dwelt alone,
 The God of Isr'el was a God unknown.

There, idol-worship griev'd their pious heart,
 In which they would not, tho' oft urg'd, bear part.
 They long'd to be beneath the shelt'ring wing
 Of Jacob's God—the universal King,
 Who own'd their nation his peculiar care;
 Tho' for their crimes made oft his frowns to share.
 Their native land their pious thoughts employ'd,
 Where they had oft their God and friends enjoy'd;
 While hope and fear their souls alternate sway,
 As they pursue their lonely, pensive way.
 And now they reach the confines of that land,
 Their steps conducted by an unseen hand,
 Where they present their homage to the Skies,
 And praise and gratitude, like incense, rise.

The village swains, at their return, flock round,
 And each to other in remarks abound.
 With diverse passions, these their state explore—
 A few are rude, the greater part deplore.
 Some ask in pity, and some too, in scorn,
 Were not these persons to possessions born?
 Have they not been caress'd for wealth and fame?
 Who has not heard of great Acasto's name!
 How poor, how desolate their present state,
 Compar'd to that in which they shone of late!
 Yet in their port did no vain pride appear,
 The orphan's woe, and widow's, caus'd their tear.
 Shut never was their gate against the poor,
 To many a lap their lib'ral alms did show'r.
 In Divine service they were seen devout,
 At which the Great not seldom sneer and flout.

To all around their servants e'er were kind,
 To this the Master's pattern did them bind.
 No wonder they were thus discreet and wise,
 Who daily join'd in worship to the Skies;
 For we have heard, that, in their blest abode,
 The Master acted as their mouth to God;
 Did daily tribute to his foot-stool bring,
 A cordial homage to the highest King.

Tho' clouds obscur'd life's transient, closing days,
 And his bright sun was shorn of all his rays:
 Yet with the blest the truly pious dwell,
 Enjoying more than human tongue can tell.

What sad reverse to those who once were great,
 When want and sorrow, like fierce waves, them beat,
 If peace of mind be not their constant guest,
 And hope to be hereafter truly blest!

Much have the poor by their affliction lost,
 The swains around did of their friendship boast.
 Their word could soon strife and contention tame,
 And few were found so daring as to blame.
 These things are past, like fleeting dreams of night,
 Or airy phantoms that beguile the sight.
 Another owns their large estate and dome,
 But near his gates the needy dare not come.
 His tenants feel, and still the change lament;
 For they cannot his growing claims content.

The day of God in sports and feasts he spends,
 His whole example to corruption tends.
 The lewd and profligate his welcome find—
 Such his companions of the human kind.

Not pray'r, but oaths in his abode resound,
 He is a curse—a burden on the ground.
 His hounds and steeds his chief concern engage,
 Like many brothers of this thoughtless age.
 Unhallow'd pleasures fill each current year;
 His heart is steel'd against the orphan's tear,
 Whose piteous moan that heart could never move,
 Alike averse to pity and to love.
 He is a stranger to the ties that bind
 Man to his Maker, and the human kind.
 To his superiors he can cringe and bow;
 But pours contempt upon the poor and low.
 He deems the poor made for the rich alone;
 Their wants and feelings are to him unknown.
 The joy of doing good ne'er touch'd his heart,
 His deeds to thousands grief and woe impart.
 His brutal lusts cause many a parent weep,
 And ruin'd virgins painful vigils keep.

But some suppose, to drink, to wench, and swear,
 Is just the mode, they Gentlemen appear;
 That the polite are bound by no such law,
 As serves to keep us vulgar folk in awe;
 As if the King, who claims the fear of all,
 Will in his terms to great and noble fall—
 The path to heav'n make wide and smooth to these,
 And cause their duty yield to sense and ease;
 As if a man the basest slave must be,
 To give him title to some high degree;
 His nature sink beneath the grazing tribe,
 And reason, truth, and conscience daily bribe.

This man, tho' Father and a Spouse he be,
 And tho' he boast of his humanity;
 Yet in his home no pleasure seems to take—
 He is in heart, in conduct too—a rake.
 Tho' blest with children, and a virtuous wife,
 He counts them all the burden of his life.
 His heart a-whoring after strangers goes,
 Tho' his amours be oft replete with woes.
 From such intrigues a spurious brood proceeds,
 Infanticide *, and other baneful deeds.
 Such children orphans from their very birth,
 Whence guilt and mis'ry still increase on earth.
 The worthy still his least affection share—
 For what remorse do deeds like these prepare!
 At sacred things, you hear him daily sneer,
 Of the great God he seems devoid of fear †.

* Child-murder.

† Would to Heaven that the character drawn above had no existence in our Isle!—that few of those who are elevated by birth, and wealth, degraded themselves beneath the meanest of the people, by such deeds of darkness! Such need no act of a legislature to divest them of their abused rank and titles; for their own conduct proclaims them viler than the earth on which they tread. Hence the land that gives them birth is ready to spue them out, as Palestine of old did its wicked inhabitants, both Heathen and Jewish.

But irreligion and vice are not confined to the great, who too often seem to think they possess an exclusive right to violate their Maker's laws; they pervade all ranks, and with their active auxiliary—Infidelity, menace every thing dear and sacred. Like a swelling torrent they threaten to sweep all before them. Should the active efforts of infidelity succeed to the extent many seem to wish,—succeed in banishing all impressions of Deity, and a future state of retribution from the mind, and setting the lower classes of society loose from the restraints of religion and conscience, must not the consequences be dreadful? Once

O Heav'n! how strange to mortals are thy ways!
 Shall vice thus prosper, worth be try'd always?
 Let us not tax thy conduct, ever wise,
 How small a part lies open to our eyes?
 Tho' worth be try'd for long afflictive years,
 And to the best this world's a vale of tears—
 Tho' vice should seem to prosper for a while,
 And on her vassals wordly prospects smile;
 Yet God ordains the good should rest at last,
 When all their woes shall be for ever past—
 Reserves a bliss complete beyond the grave,
 To which he will the patient suff'rer save:
 While sons of vice shall reap as now they sow—
 Be doom'd to regions of the deepest woe.

Let not these thoughts the men of lore surprise,
 Whom they call vulgar sometimes moralize—

persuade men that they are so formed as necessarily to yield to the strong impulse of appetite and passion, and that their so doing can be no crime—the favourite doctrine of some pretended friends to human rights, and of others, Heaven pity those whose circumstances in life present a temptation too powerful for corrupt nature, so left to itself, to resist!—Heaven pity the Female-sex, who would be then regarded only as instruments of pleasure, in which light merely too many already view them! By such casuistry, the thief and robber have only to plead, in arrest of judgment, a strong impulse to possess their neighbour's property; the adulterer and murderer only to allege a strong desire to debauch the wife or daughter of his friend; and that, in order to secure the prize, the cutting of his throat was necessary and lawful! Admit the principle, and there is no evading the consequence. When the enemy thus cometh in like a flood, may the Spirit of the Lord lift up a standard, and rebuke those that would corrupt and destroy the earth!

Remark their ways who in proud deeds abound,
 In quest of pleasure grovel on the ground;
 In whom the demon and the brute appear,
 Who scarce will own th' Eternal as their peer;
 Whose pride, like eagle's pinions, wafts them high;
 Yet pleasure's lure still draws them to the sty;
 Like birds obscene, which clean provision shun;
 Yet to each carion eagerly they run.

Can such be found among the human race,
 Who proudly spurn the ties of heav'nly grace;
 By vilest deeds their noble frame debase,
 And seek their joys in such ignoble ways?

To these remarks the weary pair gave ear,
 While from their eyes descends the flowing tear.—
 Soon as the mother could her speech command,
 She them accosts, and gently waves her hand:

Upbraid us not with what we once have been,
 Our affluent state you heretofore have seen;
 We once were full—Then a vain world did smile,
 Ah! its caresses our fond hopes beguile.
 The hand of God on us doth heavy lie—
 We bow submissive to the ruling Sky.
 Shall he such gifts on guilty men bestow,
 And will they murmur at their lot of woe?
 We can't of right the good we share demand,
 The worst of ills we merit at his hand.

My worthy Friends, 'tis happiness to learn,
 You in our woes are pleas'd to take concern.
 The praise you gave to my deceased Friend,
 Does to my heart your sympathy commend.

That praise we owe to him who gives our all,
 Without his will nought can us e'er befall.
 Tho' now unable to relieve the poor,
 God does not ask, when he denies the pow'r;
 They still our pity and our pray'rs shall share;
 May he on them the truest wealth confer—
 Make rich in grace—prepare for peace above,
 And still refresh with tokens of his love!

Thrice happy swains! did you your bliss but know*,
 And pleasures felt which daily round you flow.
 Remote from all the pomp and pride of life,
 The din of arms, and fell ambition's strife,
 The God of nature pours his gifts around,
 And health and peace invest your happy ground—
 No cause to envy the vain shew of courts,
 Whither but rare true happiness resorts.
 Their gilded domes—embroider'd robes of state,
 And costly fare, cannot ward off their fate;
 Relieve from pain—command content of mind,
 And to their person, by affection, bind.
 Their blazon'd chariots, and their prancing steeds,
 And equipage, which vanity still feeds;
 The Mall, the Park, the Theatre, the Levee,
 The rendezvous of men of high degree—
 The giddy vortex where the Great whirl round,
 In search of pleasures that scarce know a bound;
 Increase their toil, and make but poor return—
 For these fleet pleasures myriads daily mourn.

* The leading thoughts in the following description of the advantages of a country life, are borrowed from Virgil's *Georgics*, B. II. l. 458.

Too dearly bought! they, oft repeated, cloy,
The scenes of noisy mirth true peace destroy.

The Great, tho' flatter'd, seldom find a friend,
Their state revers'd, their proud distinctions end.
Them envy not, nor all their gilded toys,
Blest is the man, who God and self enjoys;
Shares calm content, secure from guilty cares—
Treads Wisdom's path, which peace and joy confers.

The rural haunts both calm and rest secure,
And pleasures too, both permanent and pure.
There found are groves, and cooling vales and streams,
The scene to vary—ward off scorching beams;
And purling brooks, the feeding ox and sheep,
And sylvan shades, t' indulge delicious sleep.
There active scenes, and pleasing views abound—
There temp'rate youth, and peaceful age are found.
There virtue blooms—the Pow'r supreme is fear'd,
And aged sires by pious sons rever'd.
'Thence justice last remov'd her tardy pace;
Yet there we still her former reign may trace.
Sweet, rural scenes the sacred muse befriend,
And copious aid to contemplation lend—
Instruct our race, by gradual steps, to rise,
Thro' nature's works, to him that rules the skies.

Such were my days when first my Friend I knew,
How lightly skip'd we o'er the pearly dew!
With mutual joy, we still each other saw,
When on his lips pure love imprest his law.
A feast it was with him abroad to walk,
Of what he felt to hear him sweetly talk;

In his devout addresses bear a part—
 The grateful homage of a pious heart.
 His presence gave to ev'ry scene a charm,
 While I review'd them leaning on his arm.
 Oft on his breast have I my head reclin'd,
 The dearest ties did us to other bind.

His smiles could sweeten ev'ry toil and care,
 And add a relish ev'n to homely fare.
 In ev'ry state he learnt to be content,
 And view'd time's comforts as things merely lent,
 To be employ'd for human weal, and God—
 Whence they a treasure gain in his abode.

Taught by his counsel, blessed in his love,
 His conduct too instructed how to move—
 To walk in wisdom's paths, which peace secure,
 And bliss that shall thro' endless years endure.
 His heart was fraught with love unfeign'd to men,
 And there did piety her sway maintain.
 What pleasure gave our lonely walks abroad,
 And his reflexions on the works of God!
 In his epistles, what affection glow'd!
 And from his lips what pious strains sweet flow'd!

His kind addresses oft refresh'd my heart,
 And cur'd of absence the thrice painful smart.
 His love to me did all time's things excel,
 Its sweet endearments never can I tell.
 No care, no sorrow, could embitter life,
 While he was mine, and lov'd me as his wife,
 Whose peace and comfort all his thoughts employ'd;
 In him have I the dearest Friend enjoy'd.

These days are fled, the tomb retains my Love :
 But I shall yet him view in climes above ;
 With him converse, and mutual pleasures share,
 Where is no death, no sorrow, pain or care,
 To mar their bliss ; where friends shall never part—
 O thought consoling to the human heart !

Eternal thanks be to the Prince of life,
 Our spring of joys in this bleak vale of strife.
 Thanks still to Heav'n that lent so long my Dear *,
 Yet his decease commands the tribute tear :

* While the Author gratified himself in a Printing-office, by forwarding the publication of this small tract, with his own manual labour, it pleased God to visit his family with a fever, which proved fatal to a number in the place. The day after he reached home, his Wife was seized with the same disease, which on the 15th day carried her off, while flattering hopes were entertained of her recovery.

On the evening that he received her last letter, while in company with some friends, and very pensive, the above two lines occurred as proper to be inserted in the character, which Lavinia's mother gives of her deceased husband. That character was nigh finished as it now appears, previous to the event, which made it peculiarly interesting to the Author, and without any particular view to it ; though his own experience directed in selecting the materials that compose it.

No sooner had the Writer committed these lines to paper, than the thought struck him, What if the Lord should put it now to the test, and call him to realize that sentiment, by depriving him of his dear bosom Friend and Companion ? The thought gave some pain, and continued to brood on the mind, till the event verified that his painful forebodings were too well founded. We are exhorted in all things to give thanks ; and blessed be God, who hath enabled, on this afflictive occasion, to sing of mercy as well as of judgment—to give cordial thanks for what the Lord hath done for the deceased, both in life and at death ; and for sparing her so long to be a valuable blessing to her husband and others ; as also for the support given under that otherwise insupportable affliction. The Reader will find more on this subject at the close of this Publication.

For on my heart his image is imprest,
 And there shall he maintain a lasting rest—
 Lo! in his love the God of love me blest.

}

His gain my loss—I'm left a while to mourn,
 I'll go to him, but he will not return.

In the dark tomb his dear remains shall sleep,
 Till moon and stars no more their vigils keep;
 Till the great Judge of all the earth appear,
 To raise the dead, and wipe off ev'ry tear;
 To judge the world—inflict deserved doom,
 And raise his servants to their heav'nly home.

What numbers are to ev'ry comfort lost,
 From wave to wave on sorrow's ocean tost,
 Without one friend, their foe too—God on high!
 To them, alas! 'tis death indeed to die.

While I enjoy a Child—call God my own,
 And still have access to a Father's throne;
 Tho' I should walk thro' darkest vales of woe,
 My springs of joy, by faith and hope, shall flow.

My Love, my bosom Friend, my earthly all,
 To Thee I'll go, when death me too shall call;
 When this frail flesh to dust shall be consign'd,
 And heav'n shall house the never-dying mind.
 Happy, thrice happy, on that peaceful shore,
 Where sin and sorrow shall invade no more;
 Where Thou shalt still the face of God behold,
 Who will his glories to thy view unfold,
 Where heav'nly friendship shall our souls unite,
 And yield a pure, and permanent delight.

The soul, immur'd in this frail house of clay,
 Longs to emerge to climes of endless day;
 Beneath life's tree, with sacred joy, recline,
 Where pleasures flow, in ev'ry view, divine.
 Death frees the captive—lets his spirit fly,
 Enlarg'd, and happy, to his native sky.
 Till then, Adieu, Dear Friend, a short adieu!
 Meanwhile, my thoughts shall oft ascend to You.
 Our mortal part life's Prince shall yet revive,
 And cause, with Him, and with each other, live.

Frail man, how sudden from this state thy flight!
 A shade declining to the gloom of night,
 Not to return—his house no more will own
 The voice forgotten, and his tread unknown.
 But why repine? a light dispels the gloom,
 The road to glory intersects the tomb.
 The time is short, till all the saints shall meet,
 And in each glorious virtue be complete;
 Be rais'd to share Messiah's throne on high,
 And life enjoy of bliss that ne'er shall die.

Solace each other with this prospect dear,
 An antidote against your ev'ry fear;
 A source of joy, while we traverse this vale,
 Which o'er our sorrows shall, thro' grace, prevail:
 For what is mortal in our present lot,
 Absorb'd of life, shall be ere long forgot.
 Eternal praise be to the Lord on high,
 A life who promis'd that shall never die;
 From whom the fount of endless life, so pure,
 Shall ever flow, and bliss to saints secure.

In his sweet light, his people light enjoy,
 And in his service heart and mind employ.
 Tho' Friends depart, He is our God, the same,
 The orphan's Sire, the widow's Spouse, his name.

My Friends, farewell,—may God your wants supply,
 And make you happy with himself on high!
 A lone retreat becomes our humble lot,
 The King of kings despises not the cot;
 Tho' its poor tenant feed on homely fare,
 His smiles shall sweeten ev'ry toil and care.

If we did ever your solace increase,
 Let us, tho' poor, now live by you in peace,
 And share your pray'rs to him that rules on high,
 That he would still our ev'ry want supply;
 Cause in himself to seek and find repose,
 Tho' we should long be exercis'd with woes.

Here then, they sought to pass their days obscure,
 What Heav'n appointed, patient to endure;
 And Heav'n did seem to favour this their choice—
 A spot provided far from crowds and noise,
 Whose rustic scenes, and woodland leafy shade,
 Might suit their state, and contemplation aid.

Here fair Lavinia, taught to find content
 In Heav'n's kind care, and in a Friend still lent,
 Did with her widow'd Mother, poor and weak,
 A lone retreat, an humble dwelling seek
 Among the windings of a woody vale,
 Whose peaceful shades no noisy scenes assail.
 Here modest worth its bashful charms conceals,
 And shuns the scorn, that worth in want oft feels

From giddy Passion, and low-minded Pride,
Which urge distressed Virtue like a tide.

Thus from the world this loving pair retire,
Where solitude and shades their minds inspire
With thoughts devout—there seek they to conceal
Their wants and virtues, and secure their weal,
By soaring oft on contemplation's wings,
Where Wisdom sheds, from her perennial springs,
Both peace and joy, to guilty souls unknown,
And light, to guide her children to her throne.

Scarce more than nature's common boon they share,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare,
Like the gay birds, whose songs them sooth to rest;
Nor wealth, nor titles, render mortals blest,
Whose gaudy shew oft leaves a sting behind;
Nor can, at best, solace the human mind.
Their bliss supreme was found in God and pray'r,
Who makes the widow, and her babes, his care.

To this meek daughter of adversity,
Who never glory'd in her pedigree,
The balm of health fresh vigour still supplies,
And peace of mind—the offspring of the Skies.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When, wet with dew, its leaves their form disclose;
Pure as the lily, or the mountain snow,
No guilty passion did her bosom know.
In all her looks the modest virtues meet,
Her down-cast eyes the varied landscape greet;
Their humid beams dart on the blooming flow'rs,
And catch the beauties of the verdant bow'rs;

Or, when her mother, to beguile the time,
 Repeats the tale of what she was in prime—
 Of what false fortune promis'd once to give,
 When she, 'midst wealth, in flatt'ring hopes did live;
 O'erwhelm'd in thought, like moisten'd starry beams
 Of eve, they shine, suffus'd with briny streams.

All meek and graceful as the eye of morn,
 Sweet native charms her polish'd limbs adorn,
 Vail'd in a simple robe, their best array,
 The graces of her lovely form display,
 Beyond the pomp, the gaudy shew of dress;
 Such ornaments are lost on Loveliness,
 Which unadorn'd, adorn'd the most appears,
 And its own charms to best advantage wears.

The brightest ornament of female kind,
 A meek, a gentle, well-informed mind—
 A heart to love, and soft compassion prone,
 That feels both joys and sorrows not its own.

Thoughtless of beauty, Beauty's self she was—
 Beauty, which love attracts, yet sweetly awes,
 Which from the heart derives its brightest rays,
 Still grows in value with the lapse of days,
 Blooms in the tomb, can tyrant death disarm,
 And to mortality impart a charm.

Amid th' embow'ring woods, she liv'd recluse,
 With pious ardor fair creation views;
 Presents her homage to the list'ning Skies—
 The Sire who ne'er the pray'r devout denies.

As in a vale, fenc'd by encircling hills,
 A myrtle, water'd by soft-murmuring rills,

Displays its beauties far from vulgar eyes,
 And sheds rich fragrance to surrounding skies:
 So flourish'd, blooming, hid from human view,
 The meek Lavinia, parallel'd by few—
 The child of sorrow, tho' an heir of peace,
 Whose adverse days are now about to cease;
 Till urg'd by dire necessity's behest,
 She patient went, with look serene, in quest
 Of that small boon, which scanty gleanings yield—
 It was her hap to reach Palemon's field,
 Of whose chief servant leave to glean she craves,
 Behind the reapers, and among the sheaves.

Palemon, generous! the pride of swains,
 Rich in good sense, in flocks, and fertile plains,
 Who led the rural life in all its prime,
 Such as prevail'd in uncorrupted time,
 Ere tyrant custom free-born man obeys,
 And still renown'd is in Arcadian lays.
 To tread in nature's steps was then the mode,
 And trace her works to their great author—God;
 To mark the wisdom of the great design,
 Observe in all an energy Divine;
 In ev'ry scene his goodness to explore,
 And the all-present Deity adore.

Persuaded now her Parent's pray'r was heard,
 That, as his own, God did them both regard,
 She felt a peace to her unknown before,
 Which heart and mind excited to adore
 The source of bliss—the Parent of mankind,
 In whom the pious present help may find.

She said, at morn, Dear Mother, give me leave
 To go and glean, nor at the hardship grieve,
 Where'er I may this harvest favour meet,
 Some husbandman may shew himself discreet.
 Heav'n bids us be in ev'ry state content ;
 For riches are but to their owners lent ;
 And he who lends may sure his own recal—
 Let us, resign'd, before him humbly fall.
 These words produc'd a sudden flow of joy,
 The pledge of what the world cannot destroy.

My Child, you cheer your aged parent's heart,
 To hear you talk still sooths my aking smart.
 You reason well, we never should repine ;
 The hand that wounds, and heals, is all Divine.
 Proceed to glean where you permission find,
 The Lord thee bless, and cause men to be kind ;
 Solace my age with tokens of his love,
 And cause you in the paths of peace to move !

The worthy master from his mansion came,
 Where his good deeds had gain'd deserved fame,
 To view the produce of his fertile soil,
 And cheer his Band amid their ardent toil.
 He thus accosts them, as his manner was,
 For on his lips was writ true kindness' laws—

The Lord be with you, and you bless, my swains,
 And sweeten all your labour on the plains !
 With grateful heart, they all reply, Amen,
 The Lord thee bless, thy blessings still remain ;
 Long spare thy life to feed and clothe the poor,
 And from these fields to reap increasing store !

Displays its beauties far from vulgar eyes,
 And sheds rich fragrance to surrounding skies:
 So flourish'd, blooming, hid from human view,
 The meek Lavinia, parallel'd by few—
 The child of sorrow, tho' an heir of peace,
 Whose adverse days are now about to cease;
 Till urg'd by dire necessity's behest,
 She patient went, with look serene, in quest
 Of that small boon, which scanty gleanings yield—
 It was her hap to reach Palemon's field,
 Of whose chief servant leave to glean she craves,
 Behind the reapers, and among the sheaves.

Palemon, generous! the pride of swains,
 Rich in good sense, in flocks, and fertile plains,
 Who led the rural life in all its prime,
 Such as prevail'd in uncorrupted time,
 Ere tyrant custom free-born man obeys,
 And still renown'd is in Arcadian lays.
 To tread in nature's steps was then the mode,
 And trace her works to their great author—God;
 To mark the wisdom of the great design,
 Observe in all an energy Divine;
 In ev'ry scene his goodness to explore,
 And the all-present Deity adore.

Persuaded now her Parent's pray'r was heard,
 That, as his own, God did them both regard,
 She felt a peace to her unknown before,
 Which heart and mind excited to adore
 The source of bliss—the Parent of mankind,
 In whom the pious present help may find.

She said, at morn, Dear Mother, give me leave
 To go and glean, nor at the hardship grieve,
 Where'er I may this harvest favour meet,
 Some husbandman may shew himself discreet.
 Heav'n bids us be in ev'ry state content ;
 For riches are but to their owners lent ;
 And he who lends may sure his own recal—
 Let us, resign'd, before him humbly fall.
 These words produc'd a sudden flow of joy,
 The pledge of what the world cannot destroy.

My Child, you cheer your aged parent's heart,
 To hear you talk still sooths my aking smart.
 You reason well, we never should repine ;
 The hand that wounds, and heals, is all Divine.
 Proceed to glean where you permission find,
 The Lord thee bless, and cause men to be kind ;
 Solace my age with tokens of his love,
 And cause you in the paths of peace to move !

The worthy master from his mansion came,
 Where his good deeds had gain'd deserved fame,
 To view the produce of his fertile soil,
 And cheer his Band amid their ardent toil.
 He thus accosts them, as his manner was,
 For on his lips was writ true kindness' laws—

The Lord be with you, and you bless, my swains,
 And sweeten all your labour on the plains !
 With grateful heart, they all reply, Amen,
 The Lord thee bless, thy blessings still remain ;
 Long spare thy life to feed and clothe the poor,
 And from these fields to reap increasing store !

Himself amusing with Autumnal scenes,
 O'er his wide fields, and richly cultur'd plains,
 He chanc'd beside his reaper-band to walk,
 Whose ardent toils engage his friendly talk;
 While thoughts devout rise in his grateful breast,
 To that great Pow'r by whom he was so blest—
 The God of seasons, whose rich gifts still claim
 The grateful praise of men of ev'ry name;
 And kind designs to bless the humble poor,
 With fresh supplies from his increasing store.
 Hence learn, ye Great, your Maker to revere,
 And be your pity for the poor sincere,
 Whose abject lot does your compassion claim;
 Thus praise will swell your comfort and your fame.

Behind the band he poor Lavinia spies,
 Whose modest charms attract his wond'ring eyes;
 Unconscious of her pow'r, she turns her face,
 With unaffected blushes, from his gaze.
 The grace of beauty most attractive proves,
 When to be hid from human view it loves.
 He saw her lovely, tho' her charms were veil'd;
 For these her down-cast modesty conceal'd.

That very moment, love, and chaste desire,
 Sprung in his breast, a pure refining fire;
 He fear'd to own, lest the vain world should sneer,
 Whose haughty scorn the Sage himself doth fear,
 His heart was caught by a poor, hapless maid,
 Whose state her virtues all threw in the shade.

At his first menial doth he thus inquire,
 Who is this maid? and know you who her sire?

Or whence she came? a stranger I suppose;
Give her no cause to look on us as foes.

Her name and fam'ly I am yet to learn;
For with the poor few give themselves concern.
The whole I know is, that she came of late,
With an old mother, in a forlorn state;
Took their abode in a sequester'd spot,
Not distant far, but few frequent their cot.
They live recluse, perhaps on scanty fare;
Yet of the needy Heav'n takes special care.
Some hours ago she begged leave to glean,
With looks so modest, I have rarely seen.
Her gait, her accent, seem to me to say,
She has been bred in no mean, vulgar way.
Her pray'r I granted, knowing you'd approve,
Still pleas'd with acts of charity and love.

Rejoin'd his lord, In this you have done well,
Where should the poor but with the wealthy dwell;
Live by their bounty, 'neath their shade repose?
Divine it is to lessen human woes.

I deem't a bliss that such men should me serve,
As from the paths of virtue do not swerve;
For to their master they shall honour bring,
And too, secure the bliss of Zion's King.
I go to charge the young men to be kind,
Nor in another's pain their pastime find.

His servants he accosts,—I bid you all
Respect this stranger, let some handfuls fall
For her to glean, that she may not in vain
Range o'er the fields, in quest of paltry gain.

Oe'r mine the poor may unmolested roam,
 And 'neath my roof the worthy find a home,
 Let no rude word disturb the stranger's mind,
 The Pow'r supreme bids us to such be kind;
 To love our Brethren of the human race,
 And act becoming heirs of heav'nly grace.
 I much suspect she greater things might claim,
 Did we but know her parentage and name.

He stepp'd aside where poor Lavinia glean'd,
 With full intent the fair one to befriend,
 His heart quite throbbing, and imprest with awe;
 For love gives all the human pow'rs a law.
 He knew not why a tremor o'er him ran,
 When to address the stranger he began.
 While felt confusion overspread her face,
 And gave her features captivating grace,
 He kindly said, her fears all to remove,
 (Soft are the dictates of refined love,)
 Beside my reapers daily glean, Dear Maid,
 And with my maids enjoy the noon-tide shade;
 Their viands share; for I thee welcome make,
 Nor to another's field thyself betake.
 Glean 'mong the shaves till harvest-work be o'er—
 What is that pittance to my ample store?
 I feel the ties which bind me to my kind,
 The poor a father in Palemon find.—
 The young men fear not, these have I enjoin'd
 To touch Thee not; but be at all times kind—
 Impart the bounty of the harvest-field,
 The plain repast which rural scenes do yield.

When this he said, she bow'd, with graceful mien,
 All grateful she was thus indulg'd to glean;
 And Heav'n ador'd that caused her to find,
 'Mong strangers a reception free and kind.

Said she, Why, Sir, should I such favour meet?
 And why be to a stranger so discreet?

While thus she spake, himself her portion gave,
 And to her did, like a kind sire, behave.
 Joys felt and gave he which are known to few,
 And which refresh still as an early dew.
 Thus ev'ry gen'rous, ev'ry pious breast,
 Is the blest mansion of the noblest guest—
 The seat of joys to churlish souls unknown,
 And dearly barter'd for a crown and throne;
 For to receive less blessed is than give—
 The virtuous only can be said to live.

To this dear Maid, he daily kindness shows,
 While soft affection in his bosom glows,
 Whence he in secret to his soul did sigh,
 Alas! that charms which so delight the eye,
 A form so delicate, where lively sense,
 And beauty reign, enhanc'd by innocence,
 Where virtues more than vulgar seem to sway,
 Should prove a victim, doomed to obey
 Some clown, and sink into his rude embrace;
 Tho' queens might envy her superior grace.
 She looks, methinks, of old Acasto's line—
 Her gait, Dear Patron, and her air, are thine,
 Which to my mind that gen'rous Friend recal,
 To whom I owe my great possessions all;

Now tenant of the tomb,—his dome, estate,
 And once fair household, doom'd to other fate;
 Their glory vanish'd, like the dream of night,
 Or morn's bright star, at the approach of light.

'Tis said his Relict, and his Child survive,
 And in some lone, obscure retreat now live,
 By sad remembrance urg'd, and decent pride,
 Unfit to bear so great an adverse tide,
 Where once they friends, and better days could boast,
 Ah! to my search, and inquiries, still lost.

Of earthly bliss the hold how insecure!
 Not seldom meet the wealthy and the poor.
 Ah, what are riches when most sure they seem!
 We soon awake, find greatness all a dream.
 Could wealth and virtue screen their heirs from woe,
 Such sad reverse They sure would never know.

O would to Heav'n! that this His daughter were—
 Romantic wish! of this my hopes despair.

At her inquiring, he soon came to learn,
 What gave so long his gen'rous soul concern—
 She was the same, Acasto's only child,
 His Friend and Patron, bountiful and mild;
 And that his Widow, now in life's decline,
 Not distant far, in poverty did pine.

To the Most High his first emotions rise,
 Whose gift he owns, no longer in disguise,
 While wonder fills his now-expanding soul,
 And for a time does all its pow'rs control.
 But who can tell what passions seize his heart,
 And to his nerves their energy impart?

Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold,
 His obligations to her Sire he told ;
 And while he, ardent, her dear form surveys,
 His teeming heart its welcome guest obeys.
 Love, Pity, Gratitude, command his tears,
 Which, sudden seen, alarmed all her fears;
 Whence rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 And in his heart gave her the deeper room,
 As thus Palemon, just and passionate,
 Gave vent to all the rapture of his state.

And art Thou then Acasto's dear remains—
 She, whom I anxious sought o'er all the plains
 So long in vain?—O Heav'ns! the very same,
 Mild image of my Friend of noble fame!
 In Thee, his looks, his features, all appear;
 Touch'd with more elegance, his form you bear.
 Thou, sole surviving blossom from the root,
 Whence drew my fortune all its early fruit,
 Sweeter than Spring! in what sequester'd wild,
 Did Heav'n Thee nurture as his fav'rite child?
 Mature such beauty 'midst the storms of fate,
 Which on thy tender years so keenly beat?
 Did present trials such effects insure,
 How rich and noble might we greet the poor!

O let me now into a richer soil
 Transplant Thee safe, to live secure from toil,
 Where vernal suns, and balmy dews expend
 Their kindest influence—where thy charms shall lend
 To ev'ry scene fresh beauty and delight,
 And songs of birds to sweet repose invite;

Where fair Creation shall her page unfold,
 And her sweet tale from day to day be told;
 While in our hearts the sacred incense burns,
 And to a sacrifice each pastime turns—
 Matures our virtue for the climes above,
 Where ev'ry breast still feels seraphic love.

Be of my garden all the pride and joy,
 And Heav'n avert whatever may annoy—
 Increase our bliss with life's protracted years,
 The pledge of better far above the spheres!
 It ill befits Thee, of superior grace—
 It ill befits one of Acasto's race,
 Who 'midst great stores possess'd an ampler heart,
 To seek the pittance which these fields impart
 To the poor gleaner—to thy Sire I owe
 All the rich harvests on these fields that grow,
 Next to that Pow'r, from whom descends each joy,
 Whose varied gifts should grateful praise employ;
 For ne'er can I his friendship pure requite—
 Yet still to own the debt be my delight.

Ah! shall His daughter pick these harvest-fields,
 The very offals scanty gleanings yields,
 Who, to his Kind, and Country, was a Sire,
 And to do good felt as his chief desire?
 That shameful pittance quickly cast away,
 Affection bids,—the purest love obey.
 It ill becomes such tender hands to glean,
 To others leave a task so coarse and mean.
 The fields, the Master, all, my Fair, are thine,
 If thou do not my ardent suit decline;

If thou wilt add to all the num'rous ties,
 I owe thy House, and Thee, tho' in disguise—
 The dearest bliss, the pow'r of blessing Thee,
 That join'd by Heav'n, we henceforth one may be.
 Give heart and hand, let God attest our vow,
 And time, how faithful I shall prove to You.
 To swell and guard your bliss my care shall prove,
 And to commend You to the Pow'r above.

With thy dear Parent all my fortune share,
 To sooth her eve of life be still our care,
 Whose worth, and gen'rous love this tribute claim,
 All this I owe to her late Husband's name.

Here ceas'd the Youth, yet still his gen'rous mind
 Spoke in his eye more than could utt'rance find ;
 Express'd the triumphs of his full-fraught heart,
 Which to her bosom secret joys impart.
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 His joys were rais'd all vulgar bounds above,
 Nor waited he reply.—Won by the charm
 Of goodness, which could ev'ry heart disarm,
 She blush'd consent, in sweet disorder lost,
 And so became his glory and his boast—
 The dear Companion of his future years,
 Who still divides his cares, his joys, and fears.

Soon were the tidings to her Mother brought,
 While pierc'd, she pin'd away, with anxious thought,
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate—
 Could scarce believe what she heard all relate.
 What time her heart was quite oppress'd with fear,
 She to her God pour'd forth her pray'r sincere,

Who now vouchsafes the kind response of peace,
 Whence all her sorrows in a moment cease.
 So great the change, it first seem'd quite a dream;
 Yet joy pervades her heart, and one bright gleam,
 Of fading life, breaks on her latest hours;
 As when eve's sun his beams detached pours,
 And paints with red the streams and flowing rills,
 And with his light, receding, gilds the hills.

How soon can God to joy our sorrows turn!
 The Widow now forgets to sigh and mourn,
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy Pair,
 Blest in each other, and an Offspring fair,
 Who round their board, like olive-plants, arise,
 Both wise and good, maturing for the skies—
 A pattern bright to all the country round,
 While in their lot the gifts of Heav'n abound.

As rest is to the weary pilgrim sweet,
 And port to those whom storms and waves have beat;
 As the sun's beams, bright shining after rain,
 Or health to those, who long have pin'd with pain;
 As morn's return repays the gloom of night,
 And that enhances the succeeding light;
 So days of woe for those of joy prepare,
 And lasting blessings on the good confer—
 Promote their virtue—humanize the mind,
 Whence Benefactors prove they to mankind.

The hand of God the Mother now espies,
 In this blest union, which fresh joy supplies.
 She calls to mind some things she spoke before,
 Which led her heart her Maker to adore,

Who realizes hopes himself inspires,
And grants the pious their supreme desires.

The day Lavinia first went forth to glean,
And with such courtesy receiv'd had been,
At eve returning, with her little store,
(Which made her heart, with gratitude, adore,)
Her Mother eager from her cot forth hies,
Accosts her Child, the Parent in her eyes—
Where did you glean, my Daughter, where to-day?
Did Heav'n his favour to the poor display?
I gladly hope you have some kindness found;
For here we tread not upon foreign ground.

My kind reception gratitude doth claim,
A gen'rous swain—Palemon is his name,
To whose rich field my hap it was to steer,
My heart divided betwixt hope and fear,
Bade me most kindly glean all o'er his field,
And share the viands which his riches yield.
His gait, his manner, truly noble were,
And his kind notice eas'd my mind of care.

'Tis well, the pious Mother glad replies,
With eyes and hands uplifted to the skies,
I bless that God, who thus his bounty sheds,
So freely, on our guilty, worthless heads;
Who will, I hope, according to the years
We ill have seen, yet wipe off all our tears;
Our sorrows turn to living springs of joy,
These to secure, his blessed care employ.
On the kind man may copious grace descend,
Whose worthy deeds his name so much commend!

May he, dear Child, continue to be kind,
 And you a Guardian in this stranger find!
 For who can tell what God hath in reserve,
 For those who him, with due affection, serve?

The truly noble are not so by birth—
 They honour place in wisdom and in worth;
 In that alliance to the Pow'r on high,
 Which bliss secures, eternal in the sky.

Thus have we seen, how God does such reward
 As fear his name, and his commands regard;
 Who learn to be in ev'ry state resign'd,
 And their chief pleasure in his service find.
 How blest the Females who make this their care!
 Esteem'd on earth, they endless life shall share.

Attend my counsels, and be wise, ye Fair;
 Nor let false men your yielding minds ensnare.
 From poor Lavinia an example take,
 And the straight paths of honour ne'er forsake!
 Your honour gone, your peace, of course, must fly,
 At war with self, at war too, with the Sky—
 Abandon'd soon by those who you betray,
 Whose guilty passion varies ev'ry day,
 You pine contemn'd, shall more than wretched die;
 For slaves of pleasure shall in sorrows lie.

Let vile obscenity no pardon find,
 Tho' art and wit should join to lure the mind;
 For modesty defends your innocence,
 And breach of decency shews want of sense.
 Know, on your taste a nation's taste depends,
 And that corrupted, public virtue ends.

To shine affect not at the midnight-ball;
 As pest decline the empty coxcomb's call.
 Avoid each dubious friend, and am'rous spark,
 Who glance by day, or whisper in the dark,
 When music melts the soul, and dancing fires,
 And sought occasion kindles wrong desires.
 For beauty, as for birds, oft snares are laid,
 Whence unsuspecting females are betray'd.
 O'er pleasure's smooth but shelvy stream appear*
 The spoils of virtue; which demand a tear—
 The floating wrecks of ruin'd innocence,
 So many trophies to o'erpow'ring sense.

O weep, my soul, to think of Britain's doom,
 Where vice her myriads daily doth consume;
 Where wretched men each other make a prey,
 Forgetful of the all-decisive day,

E 2

* Some verses are here borrowed from a late publication, in which the Author had some concern. Having lately perused Mr. Colquhoun's excellent treatise on the police of the Metropolis—(that worthy magistrate, who has deserved so well of his Country,) the Writer was led to embrace this opportunity of tendering these friendly advices to his fair Country-women, from real concern for their present and future honour and happiness. It is hoped, these well-intended admonitions will not be deemed uninteresting, or treated with indifference, though carried beyond what is usual in such productions; real improvement, and not mere amusement, being chiefly intended.

How lamentable to reflect, that there should be no fewer than fifty thousand females, in the Metropolis alone, who, according to the account of the above venerable author, subsist by prostitution; whence they are lost to themselves, to their country, and their God—dragging out a wretched existence, under a load of guilt and infamy, and exposed to penury and remorse here, and to inconceivable misery beyond the grave.

When deeds of darkness shall be brought to light,
 And the impure be doom'd to endless night.
 Pour down, great God, thy Spirit on this Isle,
 Whose crimes so deeply all our coasts defile;
 And bless thy word the erring to reclaim,
 That they revere may thy thrice holy name!

Ye British dames, do not our guilt increase;
 But mind the arts of innocence and peace,
 That you kind Daughters, faithful Wives, may prove,
 And merit still, while you command, our love.
 Or low, or high, be with your lot content;
 Bear still in mind why to the world you're sent—
 To serve your God, and with him bliss attain,
 (For piety will prove the greatest gain)—
 Fulfilling all the duties of your station,
 So shall you bless, and too, adorn our Nation.

A temple deem your person for the Skies;
 Let truth and purity shine in your eyes—
 Nor boast your pow'r the human heart to please;
 Remember God the heart and conduct sees.

What disgrace to our Isle!—what a stigma on our laws!—what a pledge of the righteous judgments of Heaven, and daring challenge to inflict them! Such infernal practices, with others equally hostile to the claims of justice and humanity, so long committed and connived at in our favoured land, have been long treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, and are more to be dreaded and deprecated than the principles and triumphs of our foes, offensive and threatening as these may appear—Sin is the harbinger of woe.

Many of the miserable objects alluded to above, possess accomplishments which, if under the influence of truth and virtue, would make them an honour to their Country—a blessing to their connections, and happy in themselves; and all of them have immortal souls, capable of being made happy or wretched for ever. The blood of their souls will be required when the Lord enters into judgment.

Internal purity be then your care—
 For this adorns,—enobles too, the Fair.
 Where worth and piety their pow'r conjoin,
 They make a Female, like an angel, shine;
 Add charms which shall the pow'r of death defy—
 The pledge of brighter far beyond the sky.
 The lessons which the word of truth imparts,
 Engrav'd be on the tablet of your hearts;
 And all the precepts which you there receive,
 Observe devoutly, and your soul shall live,
 Thro' faith in Him, who dy'd the dead to save,—
 Your Life and Resurrection from the grave.

Select your Friends—prize the discerning few;
 Thrice happy she whose friend is firm and true—
 Deserts her not in seasons of distress;
 But dares his friendship and his love express.
 Be such your friend whose sympathy can share
 Your fears and hopes, your sorrows and your care.
 Let him be prudent, pious, meek and wise—
 The maid that's so, is lovely in his eyes.
 Thrice happy they whom worth and love unite,
 And in their God still seek their chief delight;
 Whose union never fretted is by strife—
 Who walk in concert thro' the vale of life,
 With hope to share, beyond the bounds of time,
 A bliss complete, that still retains its prime!

Beware, Fair ones, of what would bring you shame,
 And fix a lasting odium on your name—
 Remorse and shame the guilty breast annoy,
 And still succeed the blaze of stained joy.

Beware of what would you to vice allure,
 And still be cautious, if you would be pure.
 Who once can bear to view her hideous face,
 Are well nigh won, and will ere long embrace.
 A female's honour soil'd, what can repair?
 The stains contracted still cleave to the Fair;
 For man, tho' partial to his baser kind,
 To female blemishes is seldom blind.

Beware of those, who, fiend-like, would devour
 The hapless maid, ensnar'd, and in their pow'r;
 For all their vows are meant but to decoy—
 Their prey, once caught, like Tygers they destroy.
 This, ah! they lure by tender strokes of art,
 To bribe your reason, and mislead the heart.

Thrice base the man, who grasps a moment's joy,
 At the expence of what must long annoy;
 A treasure raffles which he can't restore,—
 His victim leaves, unpity'd, to deplore;
 While he still roams in search of fresher prey,
 Unapprehensive of that solemn day,
 Which shall award his long deserved doom,
 And all his hopes, all his delights consume.

Admonish'd be to shun so dread a fate,—
 What nameless woes illicit love await!
 The human mind its noxious draughts intral,
 Their sweetest potions turn'd are soon to gall.
 Chaste pleasures fly from guilt on rapid wing—
 Amid their choicest flow'rs fell vipers sting.
 Let men entice, still dread what virtue stains;
 Dear bought the joys, repay'd with lasting pains.

Fond man ensnares, in vain to him you turn—
 The gem he stole, unmov'd he'll hear you mourn;
 Nay, brutal passions into hate will rise,
 When once secur'd the long pursued prize.

Improve with care, Fair ones, the days of youth,
 The modest charms of virtue, faith, and truth—
 Of wisdom, purity—their worth untold,
 Excels by far the fine Peruvian gold;
 For beauty's fairest blossom quickly dies—
 Tho' this may please us, 'tis the fruit we prize.

While the insidious mirror lures the eye,
 As from a pest, from the dear image fly;
 Lest pride should captivate, and rule the mind,
 And all her kindred train free access find.
 The pride of virtue, or of beauty's sway,
 Portends a fall, and for it paves the way;
 While humble, modest worth outbraves the storm,
 And heav'nly grace a sun and shield shall form.

Ye Fair, be with your native hue content,
 Nor think this can be once improv'd by paint.
 External features are, believe, refin'd
 By the attractions of a virtuous mind.
 Can real beauty need illusive aid?
 They are defects which court and need the shade.
 The want of charms the use of paint betrays,
 We borrow not till our own fund decays.
 They never lack the refined gold,
 But toys, whence they to youth and fools are sold.
 The wise be caught cannot with tinsel-glare—
 This once employ, you teach to dread a snare;

That such efforts proceed from some design—
What this may be not hard is to define.

The Fair to virtue lend inviting charms,
And beauty's aid despotic vice disarms;
But vice and folly mar the fairest face,
And sink ev'n beauty into deep disgrace*;
To the possessor both a curse and snare,
Of which unwary youth should still beware.

* Solomon records it as a truth, confirmed no doubt by his own experience, that female beauty, without a corresponding disposition and deportment, was a misplaced ornament, rather detrimental, than of any real advantage, to the possessor.—“As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.” Prov. xi. 22.

A few particulars of king Lemuel's character of the virtuous woman, from which the motto on the Title page is taken, will not disoblige the Reader. Solomon, (the writer of the book of Proverbs,) is supposed to be intended by Lemuel. The description of the properties of a good wife, and the praise bestowed upon her, makes part of what is called a prophecy taught him by his mother, in which both sexes are concerned.

“A virtuous woman—her price is far above rubies. Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the way of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness! Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Her own works praise her in the gates.” Prov. chap. xxxi.

Elsewhere the same sacred writer saith, “A gracious woman retaineth honour,” Prov. xi. 16. He that obtaineth such a wife, obtaineth favour of the Lord; and her death must be to him a serious loss, while her memory should be ever dear to his heart.

The whole of this beautiful encomium on the virtuous and worthy part of the sex, furnishes a powerful stimulus to the practice of every

Behold young Joseph, of immortal fame,
 Ye British dames, and venerate his name ;
 His virtue copy, emulate his worth,
 Which more ennobles than exalted birth.
 When this avails not, that shall peace secure,
 And bliss and honour which shall still endure.
 The saints of God right honourable are—
 Let these your friendship, and your converse, share.
 The hours so spent will turn to good account,
 While folly's choicest fruits to woe amount.
 The heirs of grace may glory in their birth,
 Which marks them out the ex'lent of the earth,
 In whom Immanuel takes supreme delight,
 Whose face they shall behold day without night.
 These are his jewels—kings and priests to God,
 Whom he so made, shall dwell in his abode,
 His crown and kingdom there for ever share ;
 For his rich grace will these for them prepare.

Be it not said, that purity of mind
 Can in your sex not oft a patron find ;
 That debauchees conciliate regard,
 While the chaste youth with sneering smiles is heard *,

F

thing pious, virtuous, and praise-worthy. Would to God that the British ladies were emulous of such praise ! For then would they bring honour to their Maker, their Country and Connections, and prove to Society what the corner stones are to an edifice—impart ornament and strength to the social order.

* Be it not thought that any invidious reflexion is intended in the lines to which this note is annexed ; though the Spectator indeed blames some ladies of his day with such conduct, in a paper which merits the

As if a rake the choicest spouse would prove,
 And the best claim had to a female's love.
 A famed bard your sex at large decries;
 But female worth the slander quite belies.
 These friendly counsels, pray, fair maids, receive,
 And shun the rock so fatal once to Eve.
 Let your whole conduct prove't a gross mistake,
 That " ev'ry woman is at heart a rake*."

Of joys and pleasures modish vice loud boasts,
 Yet are her pleasures haunted all with ghosts.
 What her fond vassals court and deem their gain,
 The virtuous shun and treat with mark'd disdain.

attention of that part of the sex which moves in the higher circles of life. In the following note the Author does them ample justice; and cordially wishes their own conduct may be always their best eulogy.

* The couplet as it stands in Pope's works, if I recollect well, is,

" Men some to business, some to pleasure take :

" But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake."

A most unjust and invidious reflection. Did not the men too often act the part of Satan, by exerting all their powers, and employing all the ascendancy address, and acquired affection, can give over those, whose guardians they ought to be, there would not be so many fair Eves lost to honour, to virtue, to happiness and society, and ranked among fallen angels.

The fascinating address of too many of the male sex, in their intercourse with the other, is fatally calculated, if not intended, to ensnare and ruin ; and, their villainous end obtained, seldom do they make the poor compensation of acknowledging the injury, or professing a momentary remorse. Such beasts of prey, in human form, are more to be dreaded and avoided, than an hungry lion or tyger rushing from the thicket.

Seldom pe.haps do the Fair sex err, but when blame attaches to the other. If men forget that they were intended to contribute to the happiness of the fairest of God's works on earth, (which favour would be returned with intèrest,) instead of seeking their own gratifica-

The joys of virtue are both calm and chaste;
Vice is imperious—a tyrannic pest.

Remorse those never to the virtuous bring;
But guilty pleasures still create a sting—
The dread forebodings of deserved woe,
In that abyss where gloom and horrors grow.

But should you ask, By what means best secure
That peace and purity which still endure?
Nought can direct the paths of ductile youth,
Like the fair pages of eternal truth.

These, like the sun, that bright, celestial light,
Shew us our danger, and dispel our night.

There flow the waters, where the mystic Dove
Doth life impart, and energetic move;
Whence millions, once impure, in glory shine—
The pow'r that saves the guilty is Divine.

The beams refining of celestial truth,
Impart sweet charms to all the bloom of youth;
Defend from guilt—secure the soul from smart,
And still promote fair sanctity of heart;
Chase from the soul the bane of loose desire,
And in that fane preserve the heav'nly fire.

The well of life there, and salvation, flows,
And there the tree of life immortal grows,

F 2

tion at their expence, what can be expected but disappointment on both sides, and mutual aversion and reproaches? The best way to make a good wife, or to reclaim a bad one, so far as man is concerned, is to be a good husband, and to recommend the dictates of heavenly wisdom, by reducing them to practice.

Whose leaves and fruit both health and food impart,
 A balm to cure and cheer a wounded heart.
 In the inclosures of celestial truth
 Are hid rich treasures of unbounded worth,
 The search of which makes many rich and wise,
 And fits for blisful mansions in the skies.

Where men that treasure share not as their own,
 The God of Isr'el, is a God unknown.
 The shades of death in such bleak climes appear,
 At their sad gloom, compassion, drop thy tear:
 In thy kind efforts to impart the light,
 And so dispel the gloom of mental night,
 Do not remit; for Heav'n the cause approves,
 And loves a people who their Brethren loves.
 The desert yet shall blossom like the rose,
 And cease to be the seat of guilt and woes.

Ah! dreary desert, cover'd o'er with gloom,
 When shall thy regions vast begin to bloom?
 Where no sweet springs in murmurs glide away,
 No moss-clad fountains 'bate the scorching ray;
 Where men do not these dear delights once know,
 Which climes more blest with heav'nly grace bestow.
 There, barren rocks, and pathless sands abound,
 And blasting winds still sweep the parched ground;
 Where Heav'n's kind dew is yet, alas! unknown,
 While pow'rs of darkness claim it as their own.

Ye British fair, the Pow'r supreme intreat,
 To make this desert drear his favour'd seat,
 That thence sweet incense may incessant rise,
 And trees of righteousness to grace the skies.

Soon may the nations know and bless the Lord,
 Soon know his works, instructed by his word—
 His works of pow'r and grace, which brightly shine,
 And mark their Author potent and divine.
 The sons of earth ne'er raise their thoughts so high,
 Like brutes they live, like brutes, alas! they die;
 Like grass they flourish, till Jehovah's breath,
 Shall blast their beauty in the lake of death.

Ye rich and great, seek not your bliss below,
 Where adverse billows in succession flow—
 Where wealth and titles oft their owners leave,
 In penury obscure, their loss to grieve.
 What human glory but a transient blaze!
 It fades, like snow before the sun's bright rays.
 The haughtiest mortal God can soon pull down,
 And stain the pride of an imperial crown*—
 Those pillars level with the very dust,
 On which vain man is apt to build his trust.
 What are the honours of life's longest day,
 Which in death's vale, like phantoms, glide away,
 That you on these security repose,
 Unapprehensive of eternal woes?

O! prize the favour of the Pow'r on high,
 And seek your portion where you ne'er shall die—

* "Those that walk in pride He is able to abase," said a once powerful but arrogant monarch, from his own sad experience of its truth, Dan. iv. 37. Leviathan "is a king over all the children of pride," Job xli. 34.

Where all his subjects shall as monarchs reign,
 And still enjoy immutable domain.
 You thus possess shall more than earth can give,
 Now truly live, and there, for ever live*.

Ye virtuous few, tho' life's dread ills oppress,
 Cease not to hope, Heav'n aid shall in distress—
 By present ills your virtue shall improve,
 And make you meeter for the climes above,
 Where tried worth the promis'd rest shall find,
 With the great Father of the human kind—
 Where all the good a bliss complete shall share,
 As objects of his never-ceasing care,
 Tho' earth should all its profer'd good deny—
 Bereave of ev'ry hope beneath the sky.
 Man's adverse lot not rare brings future gain,
 While life's false pleasures end in certain pain.

* The Writer, by suggesting these thoughts to the consideration of the rich and great, at a time when Providence is writing them in such legible characters, that he who runs may read, thinks he does them a friendly service; for they are to be regarded as Brethren, capable of being happy or miserable for ever; whence they have every claim to Christian compassion. He that would exercise this, by warning them of the error and danger of their way, may indeed find his labour of love ill received. But hear they or forbear, the man who seeks their good, by admonishing them to beware of the flowery and frequented, but fatal paths that lead down to the chambers of the second death, certainly acts a more friendly part than the person who flatters with his lips, though the latter be generally counted the best friend of the two.

ASIATIC PETITION.

PETITION of ALMASSA ALI CAWN, wife of ALMAS ALI CAWN, who is said to have suffered some years ago in INDIA.

TO the most mighty servant of that King,
To whom vast regions daily tribute bring—
GREAT GEORGE, Britannia's Lord, whose pow'rful sway
Cheers and refreshes, like the orb of day,—
Of grief and woe the humble, forlorn slave,
Prays He the Father of her Seed would save—
That God-like mercy in his breast would flow,
And snatch a Mother and dear Babes from woe.

High, mighty Sir, on thee may blessings wait—
These of thy God, to crown thy mortal state!
May round thy head the sun of glory shine,
The gates of bliss still ope to thee and thine,
That fame and plenty all thy steps attend,
And present joys in never-fading end!
No sorrow cloud, great Sir, thy prosp'rous days,
To strife a stranger be thy nights always,
And in thy dome be heard the voice of joy,
And shar'd each pleasure, all without alloy.
On peace' soft pillow may thy cheeks recline,
And pleasing dreams present a scene divine.

May age to age transmit with praise thy name,
 And thy blest Seed inherit deathless fame;
 Feel at no time affliction's painful smart,
 Such griefs as now torment thy vassal's heart.
 When earthly bliss, thro' length of days, thee cloy,
 And scenes of grandeur cease to yield thee joys;
 When death his curtain round thee gently draws,
 And nature fails, according to her laws,
 May the blest Seraphs, who keep watch above,
 Perform thee all the offices of love—
 Thy bed attend, that no rude blast assail
 Life's dying lamp, in passing the dark vale,
 To give thee pain, or haste the fatal hour,
 When tyrant death frail nature shall o'erpow'r.

O deign the voice of deep distress to hear!
 Thine handmaid's pray'r permit to reach thy ear.
 Oh! the dear Father of my Children spare,
 My Lord, bed's partner, and my fondest care;
 My earthly all, of thy great goodness save,
 And bless, O bless, thy suppliant, humble slave!
 Dread, mighty Sir, I pray thee bear in mind,
 He grew not rich by vexing human kind,
 Put not the weak, or helpless sex in fear,
 Nor widow caus'd, nor orphan, shed a tear.
 No vice did ever his fair fame distain,
 His was the joy of less'ning human pain,
 Applying balm to the sick, wounded heart,
 And soothing the afflicted's aking smart.
 The wealth he own'd descended in a line,
 Of fam'd progenitors, whose deeds did shine

Thro' smiling ages, ere Hindostan's plains
 Had groan'd 'neath Britain's thunder and her chains;
 When her free sons, not once molested, shar'd
 Luxuriant harvests, and what sires prepar'd—
 A patrimony sully'd by no crime,
 Which grew in value with the lapse of time.

The blood of innocence, recal to mind,
 Cannot once please the Father of mankind—
 That God, whom thou, and Britons call their own;
 For truth and justice still attend his throne.
 Remember thy behest, "Thou shalt not kill",
 'Tis Heav'n enjoins, my ardent vows fulfil;
 My Dear, my Almas Ali Cawn restore,
 And take unenvy'd all our earthly store—
 Our precious stones, our gold and silver take,
 But spare my Spouse—him spare for Heaven's sake.
 Fair innocence sits graceful on his brow,
 And round his heart doth milk of kindness flow—
 A heart to mercy, and to virtue prone,
 Which often felt afflictions not his own;
 Was still intent on keeping peace around,
 And in the bliss of others pleasure found.
 He ne'er oppress'd the stranger, or the poor*—
 On such his bounty shed, like Heav'n's kind show'r,

G

* It is well when those who are entrusted with power and wealth can adopt such language—well for themselves and their fellow creatures. Can the dealers in the Slave-trade make such a declaration? Are they not in general, at least the leading men in that traffic, the rich and powerful of the earth? To them too justly applies the charge brought by an inspired writer against such characters in his own day.

Imparting joy to those inur'd to mourn;
Whence nights of sorrow did to sun-light turn.

Let us as exiles from our fields and home,
'Mong barren rocks and pathless deserts roam;

The apostle James asked the Christians to whom he wrote, "Do not rich men oppress you, and draw you before the judgment-seats? Do they not blaspheme that worthy name by the which ye are called?"—Such, it would appear, was the case in the days of this apostle, and hath too much been the case ever since. Such characters have a solemn charge brought against them by the same apostle, to which they would do well to give heed.—"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries which shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire: ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the labourers, which have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped, are entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter. Ye have condemned and killed the just; and he doth not resist you," James v. 1,—7.

These are not the words of frail mortal man—the menace of an earthly Potentate, whose breath departs, who returns to his dust, at which event his thoughts of favour or vengeance perish. Before God terminates his controversy with such impenitent objects of his wrath, there is too much reason to fear he will write their crimes in such legible characters in their punishment, that he who runs may read them, and be thence led to adore the equity of his procedure, and tremble at the threatenings of his word.

It is, however, much to be feared, that such as can persist in transgressing, in the very face of light, will go still on in the error of their way—in the mad course of Balaam, who loved the wages of unrighteousness, till they bring on themselves swift and exemplary destruction. It has been often remarked, That whom God means to destroy he previously infatuates; so that they perceive not the impending stroke, nor will believe, though admonished of its approach. How often was

Or till and labour these fair fertile plains,
Which once my Lord did claim as his domains.
But spare his life,—O mighty Sir! this spare,
Nor let death's weapon from my breast him tear;

G 2

this verified in the case of the Jews of old, whence their prophets, who foresaw, and declared, yet deprecated the evil day, were the objects of their reproach and vengeance! Corrupt nature is the same still, and manifests itself in a similar way. It is well if such characters do not involve many, one way or other, in their guilt and punishment. The Lord seems to be saying to the foolish virgins, perhaps also to many of the wise, as he once did to his disciples, "Sleep on now, and take "your rest." Heaven pity every land which lies under such guilt, and is exposed to its deserved doom! for a day of retribution will come, and the longer delayed, (should the respite not be improved,) the more terrible will the vengeance prove.

Every regulation to modify a traffic so unjust in its principle, and so nefarious and oppressive in its operation, though these may blunt the remaining feelings of the guilty, and lull the sons of pride, avarice, and thoughtlessness asleep, are, in fact, no better than the rules of a lawless banditti, to regulate the mode of acquiring and disposing of the fruits of their theft and robbery; while, by mutual consent, they continue their depredations with impunity. So could the Premier ably argue in the late debate on the Slave-trade, and so will the Lord manifest when he enters into judgment. How ominous to our land, that such an Orator should ever find himself in a minority, when he pleads the cause of insulted humanity!

Because the watchmen on Zion's walls are blind and dumb, when God calls upon them to sound the alarm of guilt and danger, he will meet them in his own way, and the interview will be solemn and terrible. Let not sinners be deceived, and have their hearts set in them to do evil; for God will not be mocked, and the wickedness of the wicked shall find them out.

Grant, O Lord, thy unworthy servant may find mercy with Thee in that day, and be remembered for all that he has done to warn of the approaching, and long-deserved visitation of the Almighty. When thou art coming forth out of thy place, to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity, and to cause the earth to disclose her blood, and no longer cover her slain, be pleased of thy great mercy, to hide him and his in thy chambers, until the indignation be overpast!

Be lifted up my earthly hopes to blast,
 Which of thy clemency may yet long last;
 For none can sure convict him of a crime—
 Why crush a rose, so fragrant, in its prime?
 The fatal stroke I could not long survive,
 Oh! let my Husband—my Dear Husband live!
 To me surpassing was his wedded love,
 His heart is constant as the turtle dove.
 But for my sake, he cruel death could brave,
 And his Dear Babes—Him rescue from the grave!
 Thus shall thy deeds, great Sir, thee God-like prove,
 And to thy King secure a people's love—
 The tribute due to clemency and worth,
 Which more than wealth adorn exalted birth.

Accept, with gratitude, our treasures all,
 Thine now by force, thine then thou may'st them call.
 In all our pray'rs thou shalt an int'rest have,
 And we'll descend contented to the grave,
 Forgetful we were once both rich and great,
 'Thus shall our blessing thee and thine await.

My Children—those of Almas Ali join,
 O mighty Sir! their humble suit with mine,
 For his dear life who lately gave their own;
 Let such petitioners to thee be known.
 From thee, they ask a Parent ever dear,
 And nature's God, with many a flowing tear;
 From that humanity which rumour tells,
 The breast of Europe's lovely race still swells.
 By the soft ties which souls of Britons bind—
 The honour, virtue which adorn the mind

Of the great Queen,—by each maternal tie
 To her dear Offspring—by the Pow'r on high,
 Thy captive's spouse, thrice wretched spouse thee prays,
 Give back her Husband, and solace her days.

Thy God will Thee reward—thy Country bless,
 And she, who mercy craves, will still address
 Heav'n for thy weal, if thou her pray'r wilt hear—
 Oh! to thy humble vassal lend an ear!

ALMASSA ALI CAWN.

VERSES FROM DR HORNE.

On Isa. lxiv. 6.—WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd to the ground;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound.

Sons of Adam, once in Eden
 Blighted when like us he fell,
 Hear the lecture we are reading,
 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much, presuming
 On your boasted white and red,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead.

Youths, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to Autumn place.

Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
"Heav'n and earth shall pass away."

On the Tree of Life eternal,
Man, let all thy hope be staid,
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a Leaf that shall not fade,

ON THE NEW-YEAR.

WHILE yonder sun his race did run,
Incessant thro' the circling year;
What numbers fled, now 'mong the dead,
Who shall no more in this vain world appear!

We too, apace, haste to that place,
Whence of our race none e'er return;
Our life below, for aught we know,
Thrice serious truth! may terminate ere morn.

The arrow's flight, or rays of light,
What are they to time's rapid race?
No lightning flies, athwart the skies,
More fleet, nor with such firm unweary'd pace.

Frail life, a dream, or swelling stream,
Which quickly bears our race away;
The dream once o'er, we reach the shore,
Must quit this vale, and death's dread word obey.

Mankind, be wise, let no disguise
Of vice or folly on your minds impose;
On their curs'd ground bliss ne'er was found—
This from the faith of Jesus only flows.

Since years swift fly, and pleasures die,
As in life's course we still advance;
Since we soon throng the dead among,
And our eternal state must soon commence;

Let us devote each pow'r of thought,
Our time and talents to our God;
In our hearts rise to yonder skies,
In hope ere long to share his blest abode.

Our sins forgive, O may we live,
Our God, from henceforth in thy fear;
With death in view, our course renew,
While sparing mercy lends another year!

Aid still to move, constrain'd by love,
 In wisdom's pleasant, hallow'd road;
 Life's tale once told, may Heav'n unfold
 A bliss unfading with our King and God!

May years, ne'er-spent, to us be lent,
 Our God to serve, and share a bliss divine,
 Where sin, nor pain, nor death can reign,
 And where their sun, and blessed life, shall not decline.

THOUGHTS AMONG THE TOMBS.

THESE lonely mansions of the Dead—
 What solemn silence still reigns here!
 How thick Death's trophies round me spread!
 Each object, ah! my soul, how drear!
 This dismal ground,
 See, all around,
 Presents a sad—a sable gloom.
 Here serious thought
 Awakes unsought;
 Fraught with instruction is the silent tomb.

When we to these abodes draw near—
 To this last house of human-kind,
 How apt to feel foreboding fear,
 While thoughts of death engage the mind?

The slow sad bell,
 With its dead knell—
 The sable bier—all strike the heart;
 The sculptur'd stones,
 And mould'ring bones,
 To man their grave mute lessons still impart.

Lo! here, what myriads make their silent bed!
 What swarms on swarms still added to the dead!
 Here their remains in blended ruins lie,
 Till time himself, his course once run, shall die.
 These all await,
 In solemn state,
 That last—that great decisive day,
 Which shall their place,
 To our whole race,
 Assign, where bliss, or boundless wrath, bears sway.

Here youth, in all her virgin bloom,
 Manhood and age promiscuous lie;
 Alike they flourish in the darksome tomb,
 Who at sixteen, or fourscore years do die.
 Here hoary age,
 The fool and sage,
 And babes, and friends, and very foes embrace;
 The dwellers here
 Man no more fear;
 For pow'r, and pride, and wrath, find here no place.

Frail life! a journey from the womb,
 Thro' snares and sorrows, to the tomb.

Of this the painful stages past,
 We drop into the grave at last—
 That house where cares and sorrows cease,
 And once-sworn en'mies are at peace.
 There kings are laid,
 On the same bed,
 With persons of the humblest birth—
 How poor the man whose hopes arise from earth!

With pensive mind this ground I tread,
 O'er these dumb prisoners of fate,
 Who in this land have found their bed,
 And here still sleep in solemn state.
 These once did share
 Life's joy and care;
 Yet now are captives in the narrow tomb—
 Time is but short,
 Till we resort
 To their abode—must yield to the same doom.

They seem, with haggard looks, to cry,
 To those who visit their abode,
 Reflect, vain mortals, what it is to die,
 Be wise betimes, secure your peace with God;
 Implore his Grace,
 Ere to this place
 You come, when mercy shall invite no more;
 Your day improve,
 Seek bliss above—
 Nor pant, with eager thirst, for yellow ore.

Here, vain ambition is controll'd,
 Where now the poor remains of state?
 The low and high sink into common mould;
 Tho' marble tombs may praise the rich and great.
 Can these give deathless fame,
 Immortalize their captive's name—
 Or once impart a sweeter rest?
 Tho' such on earth in marble live,
 Unconscious of the fame they give—
 Avails this aught, if not with Jesus blest?

This land of silence and of rest,
 Now owns an Object, late so dear;
 A seat still holds she in this breast—
 Tho' that dark house retains her here.
 The climes of joy
 Her soul employ,
 In bliss and service most refin'd—
 Bliss with her God,
 Bright her abode,
 Where he, who lost, ere long that Gem will find.

Three olive-plants, from her, the parent-tree,
 In this bleak soil their early bloom resign'd;
 In yon fair Eden, Seraphs now them see,
 Grac'd with immortal bloom,—lo, how refin'd!
 Why weep, surviving saints?
 Let faith check your complaints—
 Your Lord but calls his weary pilgrims home;

Your Friends you soon shall meet,
 In his bright form complete—
 The path to glory passes thro' the tomb.

Dear Friend, adieu, a short adieu,
 Felt are the ties which knit to you;
 Nor death, nor life, can these disjoin,
 They still the fibres of the heart intwine.
 Here thy remains, beneath the humble sod,
 Securely wait the summons of thy God;
 When he, who once rejoic'd to call you his,
 Shall view, with rapture, thy angelic form,
 While purest love all his affections warm,
 And praise be render'd for the mutual bliss.

Is this the dread abode of death,
 Where man, frail man, must turn to earth?
 Do rich and poor in this land meet,
 The prince, and peasant's last retreat?
 Are these brought to a level here,
 While all distinctions disappear?
 Who then would boast of wealth or birth—
 These empty pageants of an hour!
 Boast of aught circumscrib'd to earth,
 Its passing greatness, pomp, or pow'r?
 These no where bloom,
 In the dark tomb—
 This reach'd, no farther can they go;
 The realm of death,
 Boasts not of wealth,
 The proud and great are here brought very low.

Can no bright beam pervade the dreary gloom?

This vale no dawn of hope impart?

Do our best hopes lie bury'd in the tomb,

Without one ray to cheer the heart?

Is death a foe,

To all below,

The bound of being, and the bane of bliss?

The grave a land,

Whose cruel hand,

Shall at no time its prisoners release?

The tidings hear, and hear with grateful joy,

Ye humble followers of the Lamb,

Nor let death's fears your anxious hearts annoy;

Salvation is his precious Name.

No king of fears,

In death appears,

To those who Jesus' happy flock compose;

Beneath his shade,

Shall such be made

To share from present toils a sweet repose.

Once did HE meet death's fatal doom,

The Lord of life lay in the tomb;

Yet thence, in all his might, he rose,

And triumph'd o'er his hellish foes;

Whence saints secur'd shall be from death's alarm;

For He'll be near to shield them from all harm.

Of human woes death shuts the scene,

O'er these bless'd ones he cannot reign;

From the dark tomb shall they one day arise,
To wear a crown immortal in the skies.

To God, beneficent and wise,
Praise be ascribed by the just;

Each sure is happiest when he dies,
He sleeps securely in the dust;

His warfare o'er,

He'll reach the shore,

Where streams of heav'nly pleasures flow;

Where sin, nor pain,

Nor death can reign—

These ills which haunt this dusky vale below.

Oft as we tread this hallow'd ground,

Where death his trophies scatters round,

To mind this joyful truth recal—

That tho' the grave may now devour,

Death o'er frail man exert his pow'r;

But for a night is their usurped thrall;

The Judge will come,

Raise from the tomb,

To realms of purest light on high,

Where love's their theme,

Where bliss' pure stream

Is shar'd, 'midst pleasures that shall never die.

Is sleep like death? Grant, when we die,

As now on bed, so in the grave to rest;

When this frail frame shall in death's mansion lie,

With thee, O Jesus! let our souls be blest.

When we awake,
 Death's sleep off shake,
 Refresh'd, may we awake with thee—
 Rise, ne'er to die,
 To live on high,
 And with our Lord thro' boundless ages be,
 Completely blest,
 Enjoying rest—
 The peaceful calm of immortality.

The Lord who life—our all here gave,
 Still bids us look beyond the grave;
 The vale, tho' dark, may yet be trode,
 When we're assur'd it leads to God.
 The Lord our guide, what should we fear?
 O'er this deep vale his pow'r extends;
 His rod our steps will safely steer,
 His friendly hand himself here lends:
 All his may sing,
 Death, where thy sting?
 O Grave, where now thy boasted victory?
 Their Sire commands
 Angelic bands,
 To waft their souls to immortality.

Is death a troubled, rough, tempestuous sea,
 Whose surges fiercely roar,
 In mountains roll, from shore to shore,
 (Devouring myriads, and still craving more)
 While we the distant land scarce see?

Yet why stand trembling on a foreign shore?
 Why? why not boldly venture o'er?
 Since our Lord's hand the vessel guides—
 Since o'er this gulf himself presides,
 Come, let us brave both winds and tides:
 For safe, 'midst seas beset with fears,
 Still rides the bark which Jesus steers,
 Till she arrives at the oft wish'd-for port,
 Where guilt and human woes cannot resort;
 Where wintry storms ne'er rise,
 So calm, so bright the skies,
 And where Immanuel keeps his sacred court.
 Bless'd be that hand which wafts to yonder shore,
 Where friends, whom death divides, shall part no more;
 Remov'd beyond this mournful vale of strife,—
 Beyond the fleeting joys, and all the woes of life.

Ah, what is man! the creature of a day—
 Grows like a flow'r whose beauties fade away.
 Each night we rest, our bed may prove our tomb,
 Think, in the grave repentance finds no room.
 Returning morn cannot frail man assure,
 That he shall live to end the day begun;
 For death stands ready,—see him at the door,
 To deal the blow, our destin'd course once run.

Attend, ye Fair, to this momentuous truth,
 Give ear, ye gay of early, thoughtless years,
 On whom the lovely bloom of smiling youth,
 In all its native, flatt'ring pride appears.
 Such envy'd charms decay,
 At best, well-finish'd clay

Their highest boast—how soon that turns to mould!
Your days and years swift fly,
And youth and beauty die,
And life's short tale will very soon be told.

Be wise, dear Youth, and seize each flying hour,
The precious moments for your God employ;
Tho' time should then these fading charms devour,
You share shall those which it can ne'er destroy.
The grace of Jesus cures the heart,
Will bliss and heav'nly charms impart,
With which the fair sweet lily, and the crimson rose,
In beauty shall not vie,—
In yon bright climes on high
Still blooms each grace the Prince of life bestows.

ALL THINGS ARE YOURS, &c.—I Cor. iii. 21.

LO! what rich treasures saints possess,
Thro' thy great goodness, God of grace!
This world is theirs, and worlds to come,
The earth their inn, and heav'n their home.

By Jesus taught, lo! while he speaks,
The night retires, the morning breaks;
His heav'nly truths the heart refine,
And shed rich beams of light divine.

All gifts are theirs, to make them feel
 Both joys divine and Christian zeal;
 And nature's pow'rs exert their force, —
 To serve them in their destin'd course.

If blest with health and prosp'rous days,
 These tune their harp to sing his praise;
 If bread of sorrow be their food,
 This works together for their good.

In ev'ry state they learn content,
 Since all to them in love is sent;
 Or deep distress, or joy, or pain,
 Brings bliss and honour and domain.

Ten thousand blessings now they share,
 As objects of Almighty care;
 But greater far, reserv'd in store,
 Shall they enjoy for ever more.

Would they exchange their low estate,
 For what the world calls rich and great?
 While faith in Christ retains its hold,
 They envy not the rich their gold.

Their Father grants what he sees best,
 And heav'n will soon display the rest;
 For he divides their portion still,
 Which claims submission to his will.

SHORT MEMOIR

OF THE

AUTHOR'S LATELY DECEASED SPOUSE.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

HOR.

And who can grieve too much? what time shall end
Our mourning for so dear a friend?

CREECH.

THE candid Reader, who recollects the circumstance mentioned in note, page 16th, will not be surprised to find some account of a Friend so deservedly dear, inserted in a Tract which her afflicted husband happened to have in the press at the time of her death. The hand of Providence seemed conspicuous, in more respects than one, in that coincidence. The two principal pieces in this publication, (all that was at first intended) have a remarkable connection with the afflictive event, which arrested the Author's attention, opened springs of sorrow in his breast, and spread a gloom over his family, while he was employed in bringing it forward to publication. Though the Reader may have little interest in his private concerns, and some may perhaps blame him as intruding these upon their notice; yet the death of near connections is a subject that interests all, and with which they may be one time or other conversant.

The sacred writer, when describing, in the book of Proverbs, the character of a virtuous woman, adds, "Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised, and let her own works praise her in the gates." Such an authority justifies the Writer, in embracing

the present opportunity of rendering this small tribute to the memory of the dearest Friend he ever had, or can ever have on earth; while his own affection, and a deep sense of his loss, impose the painful, though, at the same time, grateful task upon him.—A stranger to flattery and ceremony in her life, she could not bear the praise, or mention of her virtues, or amiable qualities; but a short view of these cannot now hurt or offend her, and may profit the living, who are called to be followers, or imitators of such, as they were of Christ; and to follow them, who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promised blessings. What such were in their day, by Divine grace, and attained at their death, that may others also be and attain, through the sacred influence of the same promised grace. Though the following traits of her character be drawn by the hand of a husband, who justly loved her above every thing under the sun, and to whom her memory will be ever dear, and that while his wounds still bleed afresh on the review of past incidents; yet he does not mean to exceed in her praise, however grateful the theme. To give a full display of her real worth he pretends not, that being fully known only to the great Searcher of hearts; for humility and self-diffidence drew a vail over her best actions, which concealed them often even from her husband; who, in other respects, participated all her secrets. All that is intended is merely the outlines of a picture, which they who knew the original will allow to be just, so far as it goes.

This small performance, being intended for the benefit of the female sex, the unexpected intervening death of a sister, whose amiable dispositions, and Christian virtues, did honour to human nature, and to her sex, will, it is hoped, have its own weight in recommending it to their attention. That afflictive event, besides suggesting occasional thoughts, led the Author to subjoin some pieces of a corresponding nature. The fairest, and most accomplished of the sex, have no reason to account thoughts of death, eternity, and a future retribution, impertinent intruders on their early amusements, and sprightly hours. It is by rightly under-

standing, and duly improving such subjects, they attain that perfection of beauty, dignity, and happiness, of which human nature in their sex is capable. If the additions occasioned by the death of one, whose cordial benevolence extended to all men, but especially to those of the household of faith, without respect of party, be blessed of God for the religious improvement of any, while he reaps the glory, her gentle and benevolent spirit will thence derive an accession of joy: For there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth—joy in heaven, in the assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect. May the Lord increase and multiply the occasions of such joy!

Mr M. her Father, having been bred a Baker, went to London, at an early period of life, to prosecute his occupation. When beginning business for himself, he was strongly urged to follow the common custom of keeping shop open on the Lord's day, otherwise, he was told, he could not expect to succeed there. He, however, tenaciously observed an opposite practice; and often remarked the advice of a worthy dissenting minister,—*Mr M. Shut your shop on Saturday night, and the Lord will open it on Monday morning.* When he served as a journeyman, and presided over others under a master, instead of spending the afternoons, as is commonly done by young men in that line, he devoted all his spare time to reading history and divinity; and, being blessed with a good memory, thus stored his mind with useful knowledge. He formed an acquaintance with persons of piety and learning, and was much respected for the probity of his dealings, and the strictness of his morals.

He had a brother, a respectable dissenting minister in the city, who died long before himself, without any issue, leaving his substance, which was not inconsiderable, to be equally divided among his relations, according to their consanguinity. The Writer hath seen several of his tracts in defence of some of the leading doctrines of Christianity, which appear to have been well received, and still do honour to the memory of their author.

Mr M. the Author's father-in-law, was married three times. He survived his last wife about two years. His first was an English woman, with whom he received a considerable portion, by which, and the fruits of his own industry, he was enabled to retire from business, and return to his native country, where he lived in a state of respectable independency, on the interest of his money, and the rent of a large farm which he had purchased. Of this farm a perpetual lease was given in his decline of life, to the prejudice of the heir, who only retains the superiority, to which a vote for a member of Parliament for the county, or shire, is attached, and *L.* 100 per annum. At present, the rent of it may be thought moderate at eight times that sum. But the Heir, through the blessing of God on his own industry, hath acquired an independent fortune, though it must be still grating to his feelings to reflect on such a diminution of his prospects, without any necessity, and against his own advice, being then of age, and having been consulted before the bargain was concluded. But some friends thought that this mode of disposing of the property would ease the old man of cares in the decline of life; and so advised him to that step, not foreseeing to what a height land might rise in its value in a commercial country.

Of the first marriage an only son survives, the other children having died in early life. His residence has always been in the metropolis, a short period of youth excepted, after his father's return to Scotland, and before his years permitted his entering upon business. In the City-militia he has ranked an officer for many years; and though that corps were lately reduced from six to two regiments, the Writer understands that he holds the rank of Major. In the city his property is considerable. For conducting business he possesses uncommon address, whence he hath been, on many occasions, of eminent service to others.—But he possesses properties far superior to these. He has been always sober, virtuous, and exemplary in his conduct, amidst many opposite examples in a great city

where iniquity in every form abounds. This hath deservedly acquired him esteem and confidence, in the extensive sphere of his acquaintance. To his other valuable qualities, is added the knowledge and practice of genuine Christianity; whence the Writer pleases himself with the prospect of their mutual felicity, in the society of their dear, deceased Relatives for ever. He has the happiness to be connected with a worthy Lady, who appears to be a fellow-heir with him of the grace of life, and a help meet to forward his progress to a better world, where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but shall resemble the pure and blessed spirits that encircle the throne of God from the commencement of time. May kind Providence make them long happy in each other here, and bring at length where the friends of Jesus shall for ever enjoy their God and each other.

THE Author's late Spouse, the principal subject of this short memoir, was the fruit of a second marriage, and the only other surviving branch of the whole Family. Her mother was descended of an ancient and noble Family in Scotland, whence she could claim near kindred to some of the most distinguished characters in the nation. For these she entertained all that affection which relations should always possess for each other; and only lamented, that the temptations incident to their elevated sphere in life, diminished her hopes of future happiness in their society. She much regretted the countenance given, by some of her relations, to the horrid traffic in slaves, and dreaded and deprecated the too probable consequences, in the righteous retribution of Heaven, which she greatly feared would overtake these lands, if not already at the door. Much as some might glory in such connections, she never valued herself upon them, deeming genuine worth and piety more ennobling to the human character than all that elevated rank, splendid titles, and immense fortunes, can impart. However highly she esteemed these characters, both on account of the relation which subsisted betwixt her and them, and their rank in society; yet she never affected to correspond with them, nor

wished her husband to do so, lest this should be construed into an application for some favour. Always contented with her condition in life, and resigned to the Divine will in every case, she possessed a truly independent spirit, beyond what many that heir large inheritances can boast.

She was happy to number among her relatives, by the maternal side, some of the real friends of the Prince of life, and heirs of a blessed immortality, who adorned their Christian profession. For these her affection was improved into the most refined friendship, and she often rejoiced in the hope of spending an happy eternity with them. That hope is now in part realized, and the time is short till those who survive be joined with her in glory. May the Lord enable them to hold on the remainder of their Christian course rejoicing, and bless all who stood related to her by the ties of kindred, as heirs of a heavenly kingdom! Like her, may they prize the honour which cometh from God, and in due time be blessed with him!

HER Mother died when she was very young, so that she had a very imperfect recollection of her. She however venerated her memory, and put a particular value on some articles that once belonged to her. Her Grand-Father's miniature picture she always wore in a ring, and sometimes spoke to her husband of what she had heard related respecting him and the family.

She had the honour and happiness to be sprung of a Father who truly feared God, and bestowed much pains on the religious improvement of her mind, which were not in vain. He was reserved to her as a blessing, till some years after her marriage, when he fell asleep in Jesus under the same roof. His circumstances enabled him to give her an education suitable to her prospects; and, being an only daughter, his affections centered in her, so that he could scarce bear to have her even for a few days out of his sight. She felt a peculiar pleasure in making herself agreeable to him, and paid the highest deference to his paternal authority, even when the infirmities of a very advanced age began to im-

pair the powers of his mind. She had always, indeed, been a dutiful and affectionate child, having been taught of God, as well as of man, from her youth. It was her constant study to please, and to give no offence by word or deed. How exemplary her conduct had been in this, and other respects, the Author often heard the neighbours remark, when he came to reside in the place.

She had the felicity to be peculiarly acceptable, from her earliest years, to the servants in the family, and to the whole circle of her acquaintance. Indeed, the amiable simplicity of her manners, and the uncommon sweetness of her natural dispositions, could not fail to render her so to all that knew her. She was a particular favourite of the poor in the neighbourhood, whose case she commiserated, whom she often visited in their affliction, and whose wants she frequently supplied from the pocket-money that others of her age and rank expend in adorning their person, or on the vain amusements of the world. Though these things were done secretly, and, indeed, as by stealth, yet they could not be hid; for the poor and needy, to whom the whole family paid particular attention to the last, could not conceal her praise. O that the youth of both sexes were emulous of such virtue!

Though she had sometimes access to associate with persons of rank and fortune, and to mix with gay company, in her visits to her Mother's relations; yet this did not elate her mind, nor induce her to prefer the pleasures of high life, to which she was warmly invited after her Mother's death, to the salutary restraints, and Christian example of her Father's house. In this, her own disposition and her Father's opinion perfectly coincided; and she often blessed God for the special advantages which she had all along enjoyed under such a Parent's roof.

She did not want admirers, whose professed attachment probably originated more from the amiable attractions of her person and character, than from her prospects in life, flattering as these were. She always spoke of such with

respect, and felt a concern in their prosperity; though she did not think it her duty to encourage their proposals. Some of those who made their addresses to her, possessed considerable recommendations, in point of personal merit and fortune; but she always had a predeliction for the Clerical character. In her deliberate judgment, a pious, consistent minister of the Gospel, is the most venerable character on earth. The Writer freely owns himself far inferior, in every thing the world values, to several with whom she might have been connected in the bands of wedlock. But the Lord, who knows the end from the beginning, decreed their union, and brought it to pass in a way worthy of himself. For this, his unworthy servant hath often cordially adored his holy name.

He cannot pass over a certain circumstance in silence, as her conduct on that occasion did honour to her feelings and her piety. She was once on the very eve of marriage to a certain clergyman of the established church, to whom she was not more attached for the accomplishments of his person, than on account of his apparent piety, and pulpit talents. An unseasonable and improper demand of a pecuniary nature, gave offence to the Parents, whence he departed abruptly, and never shewed himself more under their roof. Having kept her in suspense for a month, he wrote her, giving up the matter entirely. Possessing all that affection which should precede so dear and intimate an union, the unexpected rupture had like to have cost her dear. It gave such a shock to her constitution, that she never recovered her former habit; yet she often declared, that she forgave him from the heart, and chiefly regretted the wound it might give to his own character and usefulness. She returned all his letters, with an epistle, in which she frankly forgave him, and expressed her most cordial wishes for his happiness as a man, and success as a minister; ascribing the disappointment to the Lord's wise determination, by adding this passage of Scripture, "Who is he that saith, and it cometh to pass, when the Lord commandeth it not?" Often did the Wri-

ter look on that disappointment, though for the time grievous to her, as a merciful dispensation towards him. She lamented that he never put it in her power to testify in person how cordially she forgave him, and wished his happiness. Instead of feeling any pleasure, as some might in such circumstances, at his after domestic infelicity and trials, she felt for him, as one who was once dear to her, and with whom she would gladly have spent her life. She regarded him as one of Christ's servants, and expressed her hopes that his trials would be sanctified as fatherly chastisements. Her mother, who always thought her too good a match for any clergyman, added to her affliction, by thus upbraiding her, "I think you have now got enough of the Clergy—I trust "you have got enough of that profession!"—Upon this she resolved never to marry, at least while her Parents were in life, fearing she might not be able to please herself and them; and would have kept the resolution, notwithstanding her affection for the Author, had it not been put out of her power by the interposition of Providence.

While the above gives an unequivocal proof of her piety, and of the amiable goodness of her heart, the reason why it is adduced; it also cautions young men not to sport with the feelings of the other sex, by which they may bring on themselves the guilt of murder, of a very atrocious nature, which Heaven will not fail to punish. Clergymen have been sometimes reproached for such conduct; and it is to be wished there were no occasion. In them it would be doubly criminal, and an offence to be punished by the judges.

Long before the Author saw his late Spouse, he felt a veneration for her character, from what he had often heard a worthy aged Clergyman, who was in the habit of visiting her Father's family, say to her commendation. About eighteen months before he had the pleasure of being introduced into the Family, being then what is called a Probationer, he spent a few weeks in the place, supplying the pulpit of a minister then in affliction. The woman, who

attended the Author, having been for some time a servant in Mr M——'s house, gave such an amiable picture of Miss M——'s temper and conduct—of her good sense, piety, and diligent improvement of time, that he often exclaimed within himself, "O! if ever I marry, God grant it may be with such a character!" When he came to be afterwards fixed in the place, upon a call from the congregation to which he then preached, after their worthy minister was removed by death, Miss M——, her Mother, and another young lady, who resided in the family, became his constant hearers; the parish church, or place of worship, being at the time rebuilding. The esteem he had already acquired, soon grew into the most ardent affection. He was encouraged to indulge this, from the kind reception which he always found in the Family, and the extravagant encomiums passed upon him by the Mother, in almost every company. It was, however, some time before he ventured to express the state of his mind to the young Lady herself. Though she professed to esteem him highly, for the sake of his work and office, yet she begged he would indulge no hopes, as she durst not encourage his addresses. He, however, had her permission to write her on any subject but love; and they often interchanged letters, till his making rather free with that permission had nearly produced the breaking up of the correspondence. It is not easy to maintain such an intercourse with an amiable young lady, and yet wholly suppress the tender emotions of the heart. This reserve on her part, as she declared after marriage, was wholly owing to the situation in which she found herself; for her heart was gained from the beginning. So much indeed was this the case, that she has often since told her husband, that while she despaired of their future union, she frequently said to herself,—“How happy would I be to act in capacity of a servant under his roof, that I might occasionally enjoy the pleasure of his society.” What would he have given, long before their happy union took place, to have known that such was the state of her mind? Betwixt hope and fear, he was often

much distressed, which gradually affected his health, and threatened serious consequences. He, however, still continued to discharge the duties of his office, though often with much distress of mind. Next to the succours of Heaven, her presence in the assembly, and the hope of being instrumental in doing her good by his public services, were his chief support, and often gave joy to his heart.

But whither does the mournful recollection of these things carry him? He meant only a few strictures on the character of his late amiable Consort; but lo! he forgets himself, and intrudes a history upon the Reader's patience. Benevolent Reader, can you forgive him?—Can you excuse his giving thus vent to the flood that swells within? If thou hast felt the power of the tender passions,—hast ever lost such a Friend by death, an apology will be unnecessary.

DURING a year's painful suspense, which gave rise to many important incidents, that cannot find place here, their correspondence became more frequent, and their hearts were thereby insensibly more and more knit to each other; though she still found means to conceal this from him. To God he often poured out his heart, whence his hopes not seldom rose high; yea, sometimes to a full assurance of their future connection. The persons employed to convey their letters became dear to him on that account, and the very sight of them would excite emotions of joy in his breast.

She was brought to declare herself by the following circumstance.—One day, taking a walk together to the country, which favour was granted at his earnest request, as he could never be with her alone in her Father's house, he made free to declare his passion, and his hopes of one day calling her his Wife. To this she replied, "Have I given you reason to hope so? if I have, I did not intend it, nor would I chuse to disappoint you." He made free to suggest, that he thought she could not now retract with honour; though, by the bye, all their correspondence was the result of a mutual agreement not to make love the subject, and of a promise

on his part to take no advantage of that correspondence to her prejudice. Upon this she sent him a positive injunction to write her no more—said their late epistolary intercourse must be broken off, as it seemed to produce consequences she did not foresee or intend. The letter came to hand in the morning, just when he was setting out, in company with a friend, some miles to the country, to preach and baptize a child, so that he got but an imperfect glance of it; yet enough to create much pain and uneasiness through the day. The family to which he went, had a fine boy drowned in a small water near the house, a few days before, which led him to chuse for his subject, “A sparrow falleth not to the ground without our heavenly Father; yea, the very hairs of our head are all numbered.” In this subject his own mind found some comfort; but when he came home, and read the letter over and over again, no words can describe his situation. He spent the night awake, his mind full of the most uneasy reflections. He was engaged to assist, on the following Lord’s day, at the dispensing of the Supper in a neighbouring congregation, and had previously fixed on Mat. xi. 28. “Come unto me,” &c. for the evening sermon. It was a painful time with him; yet a time of much prayer; and the Lord heard his cry, and saw his pains, and healed them. He believed there was not a single individual in the congregation more heavy laden than himself. When he returned home, after various struggles in his own mind, in which pride, resentment, love, and a forgiving spirit, alternately bare sway, he resolved to write her a simple account of the effects of her last epistle,—how it had deprived him of peace and rest, and might have produced serious effects, had he read it all at once when it came to hand.

This was too much for her gentle spirit to resist, and she could no longer impose a painful restraint on herself. She instantly wrote, expressing her sorrow at the effects of her letter, and making a full discovery of the state of her mind. All the wealth and honours of the world could not give the hundredth part of that joy which this discovery imparted.

It was, indeed, like the bright shining of the sun after rain. What gratitude did it excite to God, who had thus granted an answer of peace! The relief was mutual, and the joy sincere on both sides. After this, they contrived, by the help of the maid, to meet together in a vacant apartment of the house, when the family were asleep. With what joy were these interviews expected and embraced on both sides! The Christian, who feels his obligation to acknowledge God in all his ways, will not be surprised when told, that on these occasions, they always spent a considerable time in prayer, and that with much enlargement of heart. She still saw insurmountable obstacles in the way of their union, which the Lord alone could remove; and therefore joined in committing the affair to him. It was enough, meantime, that they loved each other with pure hearts fervently, and that he had now sufficient proof of her affection. This is not a fashionable way of courting, and so much the more to be lamented; for to the neglect of it is owing the many unhappy matches which are in the world. It had been with the Author a daily request, since ever he came to have any concern for his own salvation, that, if ever he entered into the married state, it might be with one of God's children, with whom he might live as an heir of the grace of life. The Lord has granted his request, and given him a happiness in the dear object of his choice, the Friend of his bosom, which falls to the lot of few. His loss is indeed great; and while he commits these thoughts to paper, it is with a continued flow of tears. Yet are they partly tears of joy; for because he loved her, he rejoices that she is gone to her heavenly Father, and is completely happy with him, where her late husband hopes soon to meet her, and to be also for ever blessed with her.

It is perhaps improper to trouble the Reader with the above circumstances, and similar ones which may occur, however interesting to those immediately concerned; nor was it intended to touch on such topics when the Author began to commit his thoughts to paper. But such

digressions naturally proceed from the abundance of the heart, and will not be unacceptable to those who have experienced something similar.—Some time having elapsed in pleasing intercourse with his Friend, while favoured with occasional personal interviews, he obtained her permission to ask her Father's consent to their desired union; for she had resolved never to marry without his concurrence, in which determination the Writer cordially acquiesced. He embraced a favourable opportunity, while her Father was amusing himself in his garden, in which he took great pleasure to the close of life. The Author well remembers the reply of the venerable old man on that occasion, and the flow of joy it produced. "B—, said he, hath been always "a dutiful child to me; and I will never cross her own inclination in a matter that so nearly concerns her happiness "as marriage. But I am an old man, let her write her "Brother; for he is worthy to be consulted in such a matter." It is easy to conceive that such a declaration produced a very grateful reply, and excited unfeigned thanks to Heaven, while it gave mutual joy. In this consent an answer to prayer was seen; yet formidable obstacles stood still in the way, which the Lord happily removed in due time. —The Brother was written to, and his favour impatiently expected. The Writer, in the course of eight days, inquired if an answer was come, when the worthy Parent replied, "None yet; in the meantime rest assured I will not "be against you." This was overheard by the Mother-in-law, which soon brought on an explanation after the Author had departed, being on his way to visit a sick person. At his return, she called him from the street; and, after some high words, which produced no very agreeable sensations, he was charged never more to enter the house; whence he instantly departed, bidding good night, and wishing her in better temper, and to bear in mind that the period was fast approaching when that which seemed now to produce a disparity would be levelled with the dust.

The Mother possessed many valuable qualities, and was

justly respected in the sphere of her acquaintance. She had been very attentive to the education of her Daughter, who regarded her in return with all the filial attachments of a child, and cordially wished her happiness all the days of her life. It was allowed that she never disobeyed her in one instance, except that under review. The Mother's only error in this affair was, the carrying a laudable principle to excess, an high esteem for her Daughter, deeming her too good a match for any but a gentleman of fortune; and also persisting in her opposition, when nearer concerns gave their consent, and refusing long to be reconciled. But the Author and his Spouse respected her memory, and always felt grateful for the favours previously conferred. To him indeed she had been formerly very friendly, and made his visits to the Family, after her feelings got time to subside, very welcome, which were continued regularly till the day of her death.

The Author forgot to observe, that such was his confidence in her friendship, and the hopes he entertained from her kind attention, that he wrote her very soon after he made his addresses to the Daughter, soliciting her kind offices in his behalf, both with the young Lady and her Father. In his letter was the following sentiment—That he thought it a poor compliment to a parent, to ask his consent only when the affection of his child was gained, which might render either alternative disagreeable. This epistle had not the desired effect—she absolutely refused to speak to either, which led the Writer to think, that he was bound neither in honour, nor in duty, to desist from his attempts to secure the object of his affection.

Her Brother and other concerns were solicited to use their influence to dissuade her from forming such a connection. To this they were induced, from the unfavourable light in which she viewed the matter. Poor Miss was forbidden to enter the place of worship where the Author officiated, to which she yielded, though with great reluctance. This restraint, above every thing else, made her long for the day

on which she could call the Author her husband, and have the liberty, in that connection, to attend his ministry as her pastor. In all this her Father took no part, but acted consistently with his first concession. During this painful period, she was invited to spend some weeks with an Aunt, and accepted the invitation. Some of her relations exhorted her to give up all thoughts of the connection, to which she would not yield; yet she promised never to marry during her Father's lifetime, without his consent; and with that promise they were satisfied.

During this interval she and her lover frequently corresponded by post, and the expressions of their unshaken attachment were reciprocal. He had occasion to assist at a Communion so far on the way, and begged to know if he might have the pleasure of a personal interview. Providence so ordered, that the family were to pay a visit to some friends, in which she was invited to make one of the party. This she declined, and all the servants happened to be from home, except the house-keeper and a boy, on the day of their assignation. Never will the Writer forget the happiness he felt on that day. He met his Friend as an angel of light, enjoyed the felicity of walking with her through the gardens, which her presence made delightful as the bowers of paradise, and of dining with her alone. He seemed to himself quite in a new world, and it was evident this interview was no less anxiously expected, and joyfully embraced on her part. They parted towards evening with mutual regret, but with sincere thanks to God for the happy opportunity, and with earnest supplications to bring about their wished-for union in an honourable way.—The Writer had occasion lately to pass the road that led to the scene of their happy interview, when the incidents of that delightful day rushed fresh on his mind, and awaked all the feelings of his heart. He thought he saw his Fair One coming forth to meet him, with benignity in her looks, and smiling on him as his guardian angel. But he checked the mournful recollection, by rising in his thoughts, with an emotion of joy, to her present mansion,

and anticipating the joyful period when he shall meet her, clothed with all the charms of immortality, never more to be deprived of her endeared society. Such are the hopes, such the prospects and joys of real Christianity! What can the vain philosophy of the day present to secure the like?

She was sent for home after a few weeks, and her situation there was for some time afflictive beyond the power of language to express. But she was no stranger to her God, and to his word, else she had sunk beneath the stream. She had too, a friend in the object of her affection, that felt all her pangs, and ceased not day nor night to supplicate the Divine favour in her behalf. The Lord saw the painful state of their minds, and heard their mutual cries. Her brother was written to, and urged to come with all speed, to use his interest, or authority on the spot, to break off the connection; and it was proposed his sister should accompany him to London with that view.

From this circumstance the worst of consequences were apprehended. But what we often deem against us, is made to work together for our good. When he came, and conversed with his sister, instead of opposing her wishes, he proposed to see the match concluded before he returned. To this the Father once more gave his consent; and sent for the Session-clerk, to give in the names of the intended couple, to be proclaimed in the parish-church the following Lord's day; though, in fact, they had been very extensively proclaimed already. When the Author was sent for to hear the contract of marriage, the state of his mind may be more easily conceived than expressed. He had not read two lines of it when his eyes overflowed with tears of joy. He returned the paper, saying, "I hope you have consulted Miss 'M——'s good, that is all I ask." When married, their Brother accompanied them about sixteen miles on his road home, witnessed the ceremony, and dined along with them and a few friends, in the worthy Clergyman's house who officiated; who was kind and generous enough to entertain

them on that occasion. Thus her Brother performed a most friendly and seasonable office, and laid them both under an obligation more sensibly felt, than if he had endowed his sister with the largest portion.

Thus the Author obtained one of the most amiable and accomplished of her sex, who was in her own person a rich treasure, and did him good and not evil all the days of her life. To him she indeed proved a crown of honour; and in her did his heart always confide. He does not recollect that ever she said or did any thing that hurt his feelings, all the time of their happy connection, but once, some time after marriage; and it was no more than an inadvertent expression. When they retired, she perceived his feelings some how hurt, and insisted to know the cause. No sooner did he mention it, than she saw and acknowledged the impropriety of the expression, and with a flood of tears begged his pardon; expressing her hope, she would never hurt his feelings more in such a way. Her request was easily granted, and sealed with a kiss. Though she might often be justly offended, and, no doubt, met with many things calculated to try and irritate; yet she always in patience possessed her soul. In trying situations, she would often remark to her husband, "Nothing can make me unhappy, while I am happy in you.—I can bear every thing while I share your sympathy and love." In her, the meekness and gentleness of the lamb, and the constancy and affection of the dove, were amiably united. Calm and recollected, seldom did any incident, however unforeseen or afflictive, throw her off her guard, or ruffle her temper.

The second night after their marriage, when they retired to their bed-room, her husband begged the favour she would pray with him, to which she yielded after some importunity. With such unaffected piety did she offer up her requests to God, clothed in the most proper expression, that when her husband rose from his knees, he could not suppress a flow of tears, under a conscious sense of his unworthiness to be connected with so dear and worthy an object;

and in admiration of the Divine goodness, in bringing that connection about, almost against hope, which had the effect of humbling her still more in her own eyes. Seldom, however, could he prevail with her to do him that pleasure in their retirement, always alledging she chose rather to join with him; though, when her husband was from home, and no male in the family capable of officiating, she did not scruple to maintain domestic worship, to the delight and admiration of those who joined with her. She delighted much in Dr Doddridge's *Improvements in his Family Expositor*, one of which was usually read at worship in the family one part of the day. This task was generally devolved upon her; for she read English with peculiar grace and emphasis, which was often remarked by those who occasionally spent any time in the family. She had indeed studied the language grammatically in her younger years, and made herself acquainted with some of the best writers in prose and verse. On any subject that interested her feelings, she could pen a letter with remarkable ease and propriety. So tenacious was her memory, and so quick her apprehension, that when her husband prevailed upon her to learn the Rudiments of the Latin language, she made herself fully master of the five declensions in eight days, and could decline with ease a substantive and adjective of different genders and declensions, and distinctly point out the different parts of speech in a sentence. Her husband often urged her to prosecute this study, persuaded that, by devoting an hour to it each day, she might in twelve months be able to translate a chapter of the Greek New Testament; but attention to the duties of the family made her discontinue these literary exercises, and he could never prevail with her to resume them. How happy was he to be the tutor of so dear a charge, and how proud of her talents and proficiency! Not expecting to survive her, he had an eye in this to the education of their children—should they be spared; but the Lord orders these things as seemeth him good.

Their epistolary correspondence, during the period of

courtship, tended much, through the blessing of God, to their mutual comfort and improvement; gave them a thorough knowledge of each other, and laid a firm foundation for the most cordial esteem, and lasting friendship. Cohabitation for eleven years and an half, served only to increase their mutual esteem and attachment, by ten thousand kind offices, and to knit more firmly the ties which first attached them to each other. She bare him six children, of whom three were boys. The first three died in infancy, and now enhance her joys in the kingdom of glory. The other three survive her, a boy and two girls, who appear hopeful and promising according to their age. Their usefulness in this life, and happiness beyond the grave, she had much at heart. The Lord grant they may inherit their Mother's virtues, and in due time be partakers with her of the same felicity! Her first born, a most lovely infant, who was named William, after her Father and Brother, was overlaid by the nurse that night month from his birth. She was anxious to nurse him herself; but a severe turn she took after her delivery, carried off the milk, and obliged her to give him out to nurse. Though of a delicate habit, she could never after be prevailed on to give out any of her children to nurse, as she was provided with abundance of milk. It was remarked by many with astonishment, that this infant appeared most beautiful and lovely when a corpse, more so indeed, than when in life, perhaps owing to the suddenness of his death. On that trying occasion, the Mother did honour to the Christian character, and proved an help truly meet for her husband. The trial was sharp, but the Lord supported, and gave special tokens of his presence, which produced cordial submission to his will. Never had the Father clearer views of a future resurrection, or more lively sentiments of gratitude to its Author, than when he conveyed the dear remains of that infant to his long home. Short as his life was, it answered an important purpose; for his birth was the occasion of reconciling the Mother-in-law, who was remarkably fond of him, and much affected at his

death.—The next child, a boy too, died when about fourteen months old, after giving uncommon displays of the early dawn of reason. On that occasion too, as indeed on every other of the like nature, the carriage of the Mother was truly exemplary. Her valuable society made the narrow, rugged path through the vale of tears pleasant; for these afflictions served to familiarize her mind to death, to quicken her pace to glory, and mature her for that land where neither sickness nor death can enter.

All who knew the dear subject of this memoir, will allow, that she possessed an uncommon sweetness and gentleness of disposition, and an amazing equanimity of temper, under the various vicissitudes of life. This did not proceed from a Stoical apathy, or the want of sensibility and discernment; for few possessed these in a higher degree. Ever cautious of giving offence by word or deed, no one could more easily forgive an injury, or be readier to palliate the offences of others. She could not bear to have a fault spoken of, after it was once owned and forgiven. When any absent person was reflected on, she always felt pain, and was ever ready to make the best of every dubious case it would bear. She eminently possessed that charity which thinketh no evil—which beareth long and is kind—that rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. The possession and exercise of these and the like amiable virtues, or Christian graces, could not fail to endear her to all that had access to know her; and the greater the intimacy, the more did she rise in their esteem.

The amiable humility, modesty, and self-denial, which were so apparent in her whole deportment, while they tended to conceal much of her real worth, gave it additional lustre in the eyes of those who intimately knew her. Besides the valuable qualities of her heart, which fitted her for the most endeared friendship; her understanding had been highly cultivated from her youth, and she possessed a very retentive memory. In promiscuous company, however, she spoke very little, though what she said was al-

ways to the purpose; chusing rather to listen to the observations and good sense of others, than display her own, which was a candle under a bushel in such situations. Never did she appear to better advantage than in the company of a few select friends, who were like-minded. In the course of conversation her countenance would brighten, her features acquire an increasing sweetness, and her remarks were easy, pertinent, and seasonable, without the least tincture of affectation. Though always discreet and affable to strangers, yet her most valuable qualities unfolded themselves only upon intimacy.

She studied the duties belonging to every relation in which she stood, and made conscience of observing them, while that observance appeared to be not by constraint, but willingly. What attention and unfeigned regard did she always shew to her Mother-in-law, (the Author's mother) who lived under her roof all the days of her married state! In this respect she was a Ruth, whose attachment was steady and disinterested. She indeed always inculcated and exemplified that respect which is due to aged people, particularly relatives, notwithstanding their infirmities; and made it appear that her own esteem and attention proceeded from principle.

Her husband does not recollect to have seen her feelings at any time more hurt than when he happened, which was but seldom, to speak with any degree of severity to his Mother, though led to this by a concern for his wife's comfort. She would immediately retire, beg a word of him, and, even with tears, expostulate, "My Dear, I had rather
 "you would say any thing to myself than hear you speak
 "one indiscreet word to your aged Parent, though I know it
 "is for my sake. You cannot hurt my feelings more than
 "by shewing the least unkindness to her; for I esteem her
 "for her own worth, as well as for your sake, and deem it
 "my duty and my pleasure to do every thing in my power to
 "make her happy in her old age." O how does the recollection of her filial piety endear her memory, and melt into

tenderness in reflecting on the many amiable instances of it that occurred during the period the Author had the honour and happiness to call her his! Her virtue was easy and natural; and obdurate and savage was that heart which her complaisance and sweetness of disposition could not overcome.

Her kind attention to, and tender concern for the comfort of her Mother-in-law, was not lost. When her Daughter was at any time from home, she thought herself quite unhappy, and earnestly longed for her return. The Lord having seen meet to spare this aged Parent, beyond what her frail state could promise, she now laments the death of her Daughter-in-law as the greatest affliction she has ever met with. To see them living together in harmony and love, was consoling to the heart of a son, who was under uncommon obligations to his aged Parent, in her widowed state, and bound by every tie, those of grace on her part not excepted, to contribute, by every mean in his power, to her comfort in the decline of life. In him, this was an indispensable duty; in his Spouse, it was truly noble, generous, and disinterested. For all her kindness to the living and the dead, may the Lord bless her memory! yea, it is already blessed; for the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance, while the memory of the wicked shall rot. What a pattern for young people to be kindly affectioned towards their aged parents, whose past attentions, and tender solicitude, they can never repay!

THE amiable and gracious qualities of this Daughter in Israel appeared to greatest advantage under her own roof; and the Providence of God often presented ample scope for their exercise. The leading traits in the beautiful description of the virtuous woman, in the book of Proverbs, justly apply to her, and shone with meek lustre in her conduct. Many daughters have done virtuously, but, in her husband's view, she excelled them all. To him, her price was far above rubies; and well is she entitled to his affection and

praise—a tribute due to the memory of the just, whose worth and piety shed sweet odours on their tomb. Death itself cannot cancel the obligation, nor will eternity sap the basis on which it rests.

What the world accounts great, and regards as the sum of human happiness, had little attractive in her eyes. She felt more real esteem for the character of the poorest of her fellow-creatures, if enriched by divine grace, than for that of the greatest on earth, if destitute of that qualification. The righteous, whatever their rank in society might be, she counted the excellent ones of the earth, in whom her soul delighted. She was of a truly catholic spirit; for her Christian love overstepped the bounds of party distinctions, and embraced Christians of all denominations. On her tongue was the law of kindness to all; but those who appeared to possess the image of Jesus were peculiarly dear, as objects of Christian affection. When such were in affliction, she took pleasure in occasionally accompanying her husband to their couch; and oft regretted that domestic cares prevented her enjoying that pleasure more frequently. Though her finances were often low and precarious, from circumstances unnecessary to be mentioned here; yet she never wished to contract her acts of charity, whether to the poor that frequented the house, whom she never dismissed empty, or the destitute sick within the sphere of her knowledge. What her husband did, at any time that way, met her approbation; and in communities, where no stated provision is made for the poor, a feeling minister cannot always resist the calls of necessity, whatever be his own private difficulties.

She learned, to a very uncommon degree, the very difficult lesson—in every state she was in, therewith to be content. Trials of various kinds occurred, by affliction, by death, and otherwise; but, in every situation, she shewed herself the meek, the humble, resigned Christian, always proving an help meet for her husband, and a bright pattern of every thing pious, virtuous, and praise-worthy.—She loved the

gates of Zion, and nothing but the want of health, or absolute necessity, could prevent her regular attendance on the exercises of public worship. She felt a strong desire to enjoy the important privilege of the Lord's supper, and was much delighted at the prospect of its more frequent administration, in the congregation to which she belonged. Having been deprived of this privilege for some time before her death, she much lamented it; and, not many hours before that event, said to her husband, amidst the ravings of the fever, "My Dear, is not this the Communion?" With what pleasure did her husband give her the right hand of fellowship in that ordinance? With what concern did he hold up her case to God, while engaged in the solemn action? How gratefully she felt to the Lord, when pleased to grant her husband any tokens of his gracious presence in his service! With what fervency and importunity would she implore this blessing? How great his loss in being deprived of the benefit of her prayers, her pious example, and improving conversation! May the Lord make this up in himself!

Often did she lament the corruptions that prevailed in the visible church, and the too apparent decline, or want of brotherly love. She was grieved and surprised at the aversion shewed, both by ministers and people, to a return to any thing like primitive Christianity. On this account, she feared a day of wrath awaited the churches in these lands, not only those established by civil authority, but also the great body of dissenters, whom she considered as too much leavened with the same leaven. The opposition given by the Presbytery, and those who were influenced by their example, to the frequent enjoyment of the above sacred ordinance, in the congregation with which she joined, gave her much distress, and cured her effectually of her attachment to that form of church-government, which can thwart the laudable wishes of particular congregations, and bind up their liberty of obeying their heavenly Lord, any farther than they are pleased, in their wisdom and ecclesiastical su-

premacý, to sanction and exemplify; whence, by their interference and intrigues, the seeds of strife, dissention, animosity and disunion, come to be unhappily sown, to the great hinderance of the gospel, and of Christian edification. She believed that much of the infidelity of the age was, one way or other, imputable to the Clergy, and that the Lord's fanner, in the day of visitation, would drive many of them, like chaff from the floor, to a fire that would not be quenched.

But she is now gone to these happy regions whither priestcraft cannot enter, and where the enjoyment of the children's bread is not suspended on the will of the servants. There they have no need of the light of a candle, or of the light of the sun; for the Lord is their immediate and everlasting light, and their days of mourning for such abuses of church power, and other causes of sorrow, shall be ended. With much tenderness did she sympathise with her husband, under all the opposition, grief, loss, and illiberal reflections which he sustained for his attempts to promote what must be allowed, and some of his opponents did allow, to be a piece of reformation in the church. These things gave her much distress, for a couple of years before her death, especially as discovering an unchristian spirit in some, of whom she had formerly entertained good hopes. Clergymen may give themselves little trouble about the grief and distress occasioned, by the exercise of the plenitude of their power, to the children of God; but one day this will not be found a light matter. The tears so shed, are deposited in his bottle; and the sighs so heaved, ascend as a memorial before his throne.

Another circumstance gave her much affliction, especially for some months before her death. Her husband had embarked, some years ago, in the credit of the congregation with which he stood connected, and advanced a considerable sum of her patrimony to pay off their debt, and preserve the place of worship from being alienated from the connection in which they stood. This he did, in the faith that the whole body of Christians, with whom he stood immediate-

ly connected, would aid him and his people in bearing, for a time, the load of debt contracted, through the alienation of their first place of worship, a process before the Court of Session to recover it, and the erection of another house, to both of which the Presbytery pushed a few poor individuals, by giving them a little credit, and large promises. These flattering promises the supreme court more than once or twice confirmed, by recommending, if not enjoining upon all the members, to secure a collection in their respective congregations, which, except in a few instances, evaporated in air. The whole burden of above L. 1100, including what he himself had advanced, devolved on his shoulders; and he was left to bear it, and to struggle under it for years, unpitied and unsupported. Many were the painful sacrifices this occasioned, and the toilsome journeys undertaken, with a view to excite Bretheren to perform the promises on which he was led to confide; but all to little purpose. After all the sacrifices already made, and the hardships already endured by himself and family, he offered to give an hundred pounds to help to pay off the debt, should they do any thing on their part to fulfil the promises made, and to gratify the hopes these excited. After spending some weeks of late, and travelling some hundred miles on foot, on his own cost, in these unavailing efforts, he gave up the cause as desperate, and resigned his charge, though still entangled with the pecuniary burdens. Of his own he cannot command the principal; for years hath drawn no interest, and is unhappily responsible for the whole debt. His Dear Friend, who hath now got beyond those cares, sustained many hardships and inconveniences, for several years before her death, arising from the above unhappy state of things, and that with a patience and meekness peculiar to herself. At every recollection of what she thence endured, but above which she hoped in time to rise, the heart of her surviving husband bleeds. Though meekness and gentleness itself, yet she so sensibly felt the ill usage her husband had received, by the illiberal opposition

made to the more frequent administration of the Supper, without the appendage of days, which gave a fatal wound to the peace and prosperity of the congregation; and in being so long left to struggle alone under a burden which he did not contract, and which the whole body of Christians, with which he stood connected, promised, by their representatives assembled professedly in the name and presence of God, to diminish by their combined liberality—so sensibly did she feel these things, that, in one of her last letters, she expressed her surprise he could have so little spirit, as to preach among a people who could abandon him in such circumstances. The late affliction in his family, the hardships he hath experienced, and may yet in all likelihood experience, in consequence of the above state of things, are no secret; and yet he and his Babes might suffer want for any attention shewed him, even in recompensing his labours. Does this furnish a proof that the love of God exists and abounds among all the professed followers of Christ in the present day? —Owing to the above unpleasant circumstances, and to make one effort more for the existence of his congregation, he was a couple of months from home, with a very short interval, not long before the death of his worthy Friend, which rendered that afflictive event more painful and distressing.

What is called the Church he hath always found an unkind Step-mother, and he is determined never to court her favours, leaving these to be enjoyed by those who approve themselves her faithful sons. He does not wonder that infidelity is on the increase, nor will he much wonder though it should eat out the little religion that remains; for he is free to say, were he to form his opinion of the intrinsic worth and excellence of Christianity, from the conduct of many of its professors, and even of its public teachers, he would renounce it at once. But it is the want of real Christianity that produces such baneful effects; and experience hath taught him, that in vain is comfort expected, in the season

of affliction, from any other quarter—that the religion of Jesus alone can support and relieve the human heart under the various evils of life. Perhaps some may deem the above a culpable digression, but it comes far short of the truth and reality of the case; and recent affliction hath urged the Writer's mind to it, even without intending it, together with the frequent and deep concern the affairs alluded to gave to the Friend of his bosom, and to many others. Can it be unlawful to complain of these things by which God is doubtless offended, and the hearts of many of his people grieved? He hopes, however, that every thing like candour, justice, and generosity, is not yet banished from among men—that there are who feel for the unmerited sufferings of their fellow-creatures—unmerited at the hand of man, though all must plead guilty before God. The Writer would have quite fainted under his trials, were it not that he hopes he may yet see the goodness of God in the land of the living: The world hath few attractions to him; and were it not for the hope the Lord may yet deign to employ him to do something for the honour of his great name, he would not wish to live another day.—But to resume the subject from which he hath thus digressed.

ONCE he was from home for above two months, trying to procure some pecuniary aid for his people, at the time his Wife was far advanced in her pregnancy. Their anxiety was mutual. She earnestly wished, as was natural, he would return before the period she expected her delivery; and he no less anxiously desired to be present at an occasion, which always interested his heart even in prospect. He found this impracticable, and wrote her to make herself easy at the disappointment, which was as painful to him as it could be to her—and to assure herself the Lord would be with her, and order all well, which was an infinitely better ground of comfort than the presence of the best friend on earth. He added, rather jocosely, that he hoped to find her at his return with a fine boy in her arms;

which actually proved to be the case, to his very great joy. She had an easy and safe delivery of a son, who now survives her, and to whom she gave his father's name before he returned. Of this child, the only surviving of three sons, she had been always exceeding fond. Though he wrote the above remark in seeming humour, yet he felt a presentiment of her safe delivery of a son, whom he often devoted to the Lord even before the birth; and wished and prayed he might have the honour, if spared, to serve him yet with his spirit in the gospel of his Son. During that period of painful absence, he travailed as in birth for the safety and happiness both of Mother and infant. May the Lord, if it be his sacred will, realize their mutual wishes and hopes respecting this tender shoot! for the Mother would deem it a greater honour to bear a son that should find mercy to be faithful as a minister of Jesus, than though he should be promoted to wear a crown and sway a sceptre.

During the above period of absence from his family, and others that occurred of late years, the Writer felt all the tender emotions of the most ardent lover, influenced and refined by the sublime hopes of the gospel of peace. The dear Object of his regard was on his heart night and day, whether in company or alone; and all his vacant hours were devoted to correspondence with her, and the perusal of her highly prized epistles, or spent in prayer to God in her behalf. When he reflected on these exhortations of Scripture, "Husbands love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it:—Likewise ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life; that your prayers be not hindered," he thought he could not exceed in esteem and affection for an Object so highly deserving of both. As that affection at first led him to cultivate his little talent for poetry, so he often gave vent to the tender emotions of his heart, and the devout breathings of his soul, in poetical essays; the perusal of which constituted one of

her chief pleasures in his absence. Often would he compose one of these on a journey, or while he lay awake on bed, and commit it to paper the first opportunity. In these attempts, in which love, improved by religion, bore a prominent part, his own heart often found pleasure and delight. How ennobling a passion so felt and returned, and how refreshing to the human heart !

It may be thought strange they could submit to the pain of separation and absence, when they were so happy in each other. Nothing could reconcile her mind to this, but the hope and wish that her husband's services abroad might prove conducive to the glory of God, to promote which she could deny herself any thing. Often would she remark after his return, " O what a blank does your absence make in this house ! To me home is dreary without you." Next to the enjoyment of each other's society, was the pleasure of corresponding by letter. This they maintained weekly, and seldom was a vacant corner left in their paper. From the time of their courtship, they always corresponded in a kind of short hand. Though after marriage she could be seldom prevailed on to write to her friends, devolving that task on her husband; yet no sooner did he leave home, than she would resume the pen, and either late at night, or early in the morning, while the family were asleep, embrace an opportunity of communicating the sentiments of her heart. How endearing her address, and with what cordiality did she subscribe herself " His much obliged Friend, and most affectionate Spouse ?" So fraught were her letters with good sense, piety, and unfeigned esteem and love for her husband, all expressed in an easy flowing diction, the native, the unstudied language of the heart, that a judicious Brother, to whom he once read one of them, declared he would go twenty miles out of his road, to secure one hour's conversation with such a person. Her letters indeed possessed every thing that could recommend them and the writer to a Christian husband. On almost every subject her sentiments were just and proper, her language smooth and cor-

rect, and her remarks full of rational piety. These flowed easily, and without study, from her pen, when the Friend of her heart was the correspondent. His favours in return were ardently sought, and much prized, as the chief alleviation of the pain of absence.—As her husband understands the Gaelic language, and was sent on a tour to preach the Gospel in the Highlands, to the great joy of thousands in these desolate corners, she wished him much to continue these labours of love, while his strength would permit, whatever inconvenience his absence, and other circumstances, might occasion at home. These desires she often expressed by word and writing; and with such benevolent concern impressed on her heart did her last sickness overtake her, and put a period to her sojourning state. To her surviving husband her will and desire are a law, and his heart pleads for compliance. He is therefore determined, if the Lord permit, to devote his spared life and feeble efforts to that labour of love, unconnected with any party or party views, and without regard to fee or reward, solely relying on the goodness, the power, and the presence of his God. His family here reposes on His paternal care, persuaded, if the Lord is pleased to employ his feeble services to the glory of his own name, and the salvation of any of his fellow-creatures, he will not leave him or his destitute of that little which man now needs, nor will need long. Lord of heaven and earth! here thy unworthy servant stands before thee, and writes these things. Confirm the desires of his heart, call and send him; for it is nothing with thee to save even with them that have no might! If he ask nothing amiss, let the Dear spirit of his departed Friend know, he is willing to fulfil her desires for the honour of thy name, in strength of God the Lord. O grant that his future labours may occasion joy in heaven—fresh accessions of joy to the Friend whom he loves as his own soul!—Let not the Reader be surprised, or offended at these things—they are the spontaneous effusions of the heart.

As a Christian, and a minister of the Gospel, the Writer

hath sustained a great and irreparable loss, in the death of his dear Consort. Like Timothy, she was instructed in the knowledge of the Scriptures from a child, and had her memory richly furnished from that heavenly store-house. While she was at hand, there was no occasion to consult a Concordance; for she could turn up any passage of Scripture, upon mentioning a clause of it. She often threw out hints that were of use, when he consulted her with regard to any passage on which he intended to discourse in public. He frankly owns, that compared to her, he is but a child in the knowledge of the contents of the volume of inspiration. She had committed the whole metrical version of the Psalms to memory, so that she could point out at once any psalm he wished to sing in public, upon the recital of a line or two. She had also at command large portions of the most valuable English poets, of the pious and devotional kind. These valuable acquisitions she never affected to shew; but they made her conversation with her husband both pleasing and edifying, and his interest on every occasion to consult her. Did many possess such a rich fund of knowledge and rational entertainment, the effect would be very different; but none of these things led her to assume a superiority over the weakest Christian, much less over her husband, for whom her esteem was always extreme.

She was ever attentive to the duty of secret prayer, and the private reading of the Scriptures, in which she took great delight. Both summer and winter, she was usually the first up in the family, and happy when she could redeem an hour for such purposes. She much lamented when attention to the children, or to domestic concerns, broke in upon the usual time of her devotions; yet she never neglected the duties of her station, through any pretence of extraordinary piety. Her acts of secret devotion lay betwixt God and her own soul—her voice was not heard. Often did her husband devote a portion of time with her to social prayer, though not so often as she could have wished. In her dear society he frequently enjoyed, on such occasions,

the most refined pleasures of Christian friendship, and a pleasing pledge of the endearing fellowship of the blessed.

She could not bear to have the stated observance of family-worship interrupted, or curtailed by the omission of praise, or reading the Scriptures; and often expressed her surprise at the conduct of Clergymen, in whose houses she had occasionally been, that, though they had time enough at command, these important duties were either totally neglected, or partially and superficially observed—a bad example to their domestics and flock. The decent attendance of the children during family-worship, so soon as capable of it, she would not dispense with; and observed the same rule with regard to public worship. She spake with great pleasure of the exemplary conduct of some Clergymen in the above respects, in whose family she had been in habits of intimacy in her younger years.

Though she loved to see all about her comfortable and decent, and felt a particular pleasure in doing acts of hospitality and kindness; yet none could be more moderate and self-denied than she was, in respect both of food and raiment. When invited to an entertainment, she wondered how they could trouble themselves, and expend so much on such a variety of dishes; remarking to her husband the absurdity of such a custom, and its bad tendency in leading some, that could not bear it, to emulate their richer neighbours. “For my own part,” would she say, “if I did not love my acquaintance better than their provision, I should never visit them.” Never did she enjoy herself and her friends more, than when there was least ceremony and preparation; for she loved simplicity of manners, and an easy frank demeanour.

The Reader will already see, that in her affection for, and carriage towards her husband, she was an example to the married part of her sex—To the Writer this is a tender point. He owes so much to her memory, that he can never do her justice in this respect. Her affection for him was strong, refined, and permanent, beyond the power of



all the cross accidents of life to shake. What a tender solicitude to please her husband appeared in the whole of her deportment! Though she was not blind to his infirmities, yet she ever touched them with a gentle hand, and could not bear to repeat what might occasion pain to another. When he followed her advice, he never had cause to repent; for neglecting it, he sometimes smarted. Having more than once suffered, through simplicity, in pecuniary concerns, "My Dear, do not vex yourself," she would say, "it cannot be now helped; I hope you will be more cautious in future." No inconvenience, consequent on such steps, ever brought a repining word from her lips, nor the least allusion to the cause, being always more ready to exculpate and comfort, than to upbraid. While cautious on every occasion not to give offence, her forgiveness of the faults of others was frank and easy—never extorted. Her very infirmities and imperfections, of which she had as few as most people on earth, were all of such a nature, as not only to disarm every thing like offence at them, but to give her a deeper interest in her husband's heart. She was truly a Christian philosopher, being more mistress of herself, her passions, words, and actions, than any sage of the heathen world. All this she learned at the feet of Jesus—learned of him to be meek and lowly in heart, and to put on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in God's sight of great price. She was ever tender of the honour and comfort of her bosom friend, and would never suffer a word to escape her lips that could affect either. Indeed, so amiable did the female sex in her appear, that her husband has always felt an uncommon concern for the honour and happiness of the whole sisterhood. To that concern may they trace this production, and some others which he hath issued into the world. She has sometimes remarked, that her feelings have been often hurt, to see how some married persons treat each other with so little decorum before company; that, for her own part, such an usage would entirely break her heart. How often did she express her-

self happy that she was not so connected—that the Lord disappointed her wishes in certain cases, and brought her a husband, from a remote part of the land, possessed, as she was pleased to say, with views and dispositions perfectly according with her own. In connection with her, the band of wedlock was a silken wreath; yea more, if he may be allowed a Scripture phrase, was a crown of glory, and a diadem of beauty; for such was she to her husband. When his mother would upbraid him for spending money in publishing books, to the prejudice of his family, and her for permitting it, seeing that money was originally her own; she would reply, with an amiable goodness of heart, “Granny, I see he takes pleasure in these things, and though they do not bring profit, I hope they are the mean of doing good; I can deny myself many things to promote his views and pleasure. I might have been connected with some, that would have spent my money long ago, in a way that would bring no honour.” If he happened at any time to sup with a friend or two, when his Mother upbraided him at his return, she would remark, “Granny, be thankful you have a son that you may be sure will always come home sober; what a blessing is that? and how thankful should I be, instead of chiding him as you would have me? To hear you speak, people would think he was a very bad man; how would you like to hear others speak so of him?” But, not to trouble the Reader farther with such anecdotes, many more of which might be adduced, let one other suffice, which the Writer can never forget. One Sabbath morning, while adjusting his neck-cloth, she perceived some gloom on his countenance, and, with apparent concern in her looks, insisted to know the cause. He told her, his chagrin arose from what ought not to trouble him on that day—from the reflection that he had disposed of so much of her patrimony, in a way he could not command either interest or principal, which gave him pain on her account. With an ardor that did her honour, she instantly replied, “My Dear! to see you vexed distresses me much

"more than the loss of the whole sum would have done," though it amounted to several hundred pounds. But such a conduct in her was not the result of a sudden emotion; it was habitual, the native ebullition of a heart overflowing with unfeigned kindness and love. How dear should her memory ever be to her husband, whose peace and comfort were so dear to her? Often has she told him, with that benignity which stamps a value on human conduct, that she would rather spend her life with him in a wretched hovel, on the meanest fare, than enjoy thousands a-year with most men she had access to see. Such a declaration was owing to the powerful influence of that love, which covers a multitude of infirmities in its object, and is blind to the excellencies of others, when viewed in that contrast. A solitary walk with her husband in the fields, or along the sea-shore, she deemed the greatest luxury; and often walked in his arm for a number of miles to and from the country, when a vehicle was at her service, chusing rather to let the maid, the children, and others enjoy it, that she might have the pleasure of conversing with him, whose company she prized above all earthly joys. If such walks and converse gave mutual delight on earth, what must it be to enjoy her society in heaven?

The success of the Gospel in the world in general, she had much at heart; and therefore she rejoiced greatly at the efforts at present made, to send it to remote and benighted nations, as also to extend its benign influence more diffusely at home. The co-operation of Christians of different denominations, in this laudable and benevolent work, gave her great pleasure; and the opposition given it by some of the professed followers of Christ, or their neutrality, gave her both surprise and grief. She was seldom, if at all, seen absent from the monthly prayer-meetings for the success of that benign undertaking, and her whole heart was engaged in that benevolent service.—It will, therefore, easily be admitted, that her husband's success as a minister of the Gospel must have often engaged her pious concern. To be

instrumental in reclaiming one sinner to Christ, by the word of truth, she deemed a greater honour and blessing than all the titles and revenues of which the church can boast. She regarded the rights and peace of conscience, as far more interesting than temporal gain, and not to be bartered, or infringed on, for all the honours and emoluments of the world. So far from proving a snare to her husband in this respect, she never once expressed a wish to avail herself of the influence of her relations, to improve her condition in life, choosing rather to suffer any hardship, than deviate, in the least, from what appeared the path of duty. If the Lord deigned, at any time, to countenance her husband in his public work, what joy did she feel! what gratitude did she express! On Communion occasions she abounded in this happy frame, and cordially blessed the Lord for any apparent token of his presence with pastor or people. He has good reason to believe, that her heart was often poured out in prayer for the success of his labours, and hopes yet to reap the fruits of the seed so sown, though now deprived of their continued aid. She often expressed a hope, that the Lord would do better for him than at the beginning—that he would yet honour him to do eminent service in the gospel of his Son. May he who inspires the pious wishes and hopes of his servants, realize these of his handmaid, if it be his holy will, and thus add to her crown of joy and rejoicing! The intimacy of the wife did not lead her to lose sight of her pastor in the husband; for none in all his Congregation respected him more in that character. Her tender sympathy under the difficulties, opposition, and indiscreet usage, which he sometimes experienced in the discharge of his duty, with all her other concern for his comfort and usefulness, constituted her an invaluable blessing, the loss of which renders her death more afflictive.

HER very infirmities had something engaging, and might be characterized virtues carried to excess; but not to the austere and forbidding extreme. This appeared chiefly in the

government of her family. Her mildness of disposition, or what some would call excess of good nature, unfitted her, in a great measure, for exerting that authority, and administering these reproofs, which are often rendered so necessary in managing menials, that make no conscience of duty in the sight of God, but are mere eye-servants; and yet are surcharged with ill-nature, pride, and haughtiness. Such characters are too common in that line of life. Of such she was more afraid than they of her; and from the love of peace often kept silent, when their conduct claimed animadversion, contenting herself with dismissing them at their term, which some of them then lamented as no small punishment. With the conduct of maids the master seldom interfered. So sensible was she of the above as a defect, that she has often said to her husband, "My Dear, I often told you before marriage, that I was quite unfit to be the mistress of a family. You might easily have got a wife far fitter in that respect than me; but, I venture to say, you could not get one that loved you more affectionately." Such was her reply when he exhorted her to assert her own authority, and to maintain her place, and the respect due to her will and orders. But happy was the servant under her, who was disposed to do her duty, when pointed out in a calm and meek manner. Some such she met with, who highly esteemed her, as they well might. One of these served her three years, and would longer, did not marriage prevent. How often hath that servant blessed God that ever she came under her roof! The pious advices and example of the mistress, who was always watchful over the morals of those under her charge, had their desired effect. Great was the proficiency she made in the knowledge of the Scriptures, during her service in the family; and her esteem for her mistress, and concern for the honour and interest of all under the roof, were visible in her whole carriage. Her Mistress, in return, esteemed her as a treasure, and regarded her not only as a servant, but a sister, with whom she often conversed freely of the things of God, with pleasure and

with profit. What a blessing is a servant that knows how to appreciate such a mistress!

The Author cannot omit mentioning, to the honour of the memory of his late Dear Spouse, the care, kindness, and attention she always shewed to a Niece, a sister's daughter, whom he rescued from impending misery, and brought up from a child under his roof. She regarded her as a sister, always cherished a warm concern for her present and future happiness, and was never wanting to her in her best advice. When this Niece was seized with the fever, and her life in apparent danger, what concern did she discover for her! She repeatedly wrote her husband, then at a distance, intreating him to be earnest with God in her behalf, that he would either grant her a recovery, or fit her for the interesting change. The Lord was pleased to grant the former, and may his grace enable her to improve the lengthening out of her days to his glory, and to profit by her Aunt's example! who, though dead, still speaks to her and other surviving relatives, by her chaste conversation coupled with fear.

As a Parent, what a pattern was she of parental affection, and assiduous care! Much as she loved her children, she however took care they should not know the strength of her affection, nor presume upon it to their hurt. What she promised to them, she always took care to fulfil; and when once she gave her negative, no importunity on their part could prevail with her to retract her word. She always bare them on her heart before God, and had a deep concern for their happiness from the time she felt them quickened in the womb. When capable of instruction, what pains did she take to store their mind with useful knowledge, to form their hearts to the love and practice of virtue and piety, and to impress them with the great things of God and eternity. When her eldest was able to read, how did she inculcate the daily perusal of the Scriptures, and require an account of what was read! She would attend her to the closet, make this her daughter, the only child capable of it before her death, kneel

beside herself, and put words in her mouth, when necessary, with which to address the great hearer of prayer. This practice she constantly observed, and the care and pains thus bestowed were not in vain in the Lord. Her son, before he could well articulate, she taught to answer many questions, founded on Scripture history and the first principles of Christianity. It would delight one to hear the little creature attempt to articulate the Scripture names, when his mother did him the honour to ask his questions, of which he was very fond and proud. At family worship she would make them kneel beside herself, or their father; and carried them with her to the house of God, where their sedate behaviour gave her great pleasure, or an opposite conduct procured a severe chiding at home. Liberty to attend public worship was made the reward of proper behaviour; and confinement at home on the Lord's day the threatened punishment of a different conduct. What an irreparable loss do they now sustain, poor things, by her death; what an additional burden of care and duty is thrown on their father by that event! May the Lord make up their loss, and that of their surviving parent! for he alone can do it. The recital of these things may not be unprofitable to Christian parents; and may they be the mean of reaching conviction to the hearts of some!

When the disease that cut her off seized her, she had her young daughter on the breast, who was then about nine months old. She gave her suck longer than to any of the rest, because she was rather a weakly child, and of a smaller growth. Her first-born having been overlaid by the nurse, or got his death in circumstances that still more aggravated the affliction, she could never be prevailed on to give out any of the rest to nurse; though her frame was rather delicate, and the abundance of milk weakened her, while she declined any better nourishment than ordinary. She intended, and indeed much wished to nurse the first also, but a severe turn of distress, after delivery, carried her milk quite off. She found great pleasure in nursing her

children; and often expressed her surprise, that mothers, in any rank in life, could deny themselves that pleasure, when the God of nature put it in their power to enjoy it.

She bewailed the case of those children, whose parents had not the fear of God before their eyes—of those children that were trained up in irreligion, and contempt of sacred things. She thought such parents, whether they bare the Christian name, or disavowed the faith of the Gospel, the most inconsistent beings in the universe.—Not seldom did she lament and reprobate the inconsistencies of some, who professed to seek reform of abuses in public matters, while they themselves seemed to make no conscience of moral rectitude in their private conduct, or appeared hostile to the only system which can reform mankind—the everlasting gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To co-operate with such characters she thought unbecoming in Christians, as they could not draw equally in the same yoke, or look one way. Can two walk together except they be agreed? God can employ such men, however, to perform work that he would never put into the hands of his own children.

So zealous and active are some of these gentlemen, in propagating and defending their new—their false philosophy, that they lose sight of the character of gentlemen, as well as of Christians, by intruding their crude notions on every company, and rudely attacking the religion of the Bible, and the understanding and heart of those who profess it; as if they themselves were the men, and wisdom should perish with them. While she saw too just ground to blame many professed Christians, and public teachers of religion, she thought the conduct of such men quite unreasonable and inexcusable, and themselves objects of pity and compassion, rather than of resentment.—There is scarce any thing she more detested than ingratitude; and when any instances of this occurred in persons of whom she had entertained a favourable opinion, or who made great professions of their zeal for the public good, they gave her no small pain.

It is hoped, it will not be thought foreign to the object of this Publication, to advert a little to the following circumstances. In these troublesome times, when mankind have been unhappily so much divided in their sentiments about public measures, and their tendency, she fully approved of her husband's views and conduct, persuaded of the rectitude of his motives, and of the necessity of timely reformation in Church and State, as the only effectual mean of securing every thing valuable among us, and also of prolonging our internal peace and tranquillity—How far this opinion was well founded, time will evince. Such, however, were her sentiments; and she had often access to witness her husband's deep concern for the peace, the welfare, and prosperity of these lands. While some made free to malign, traduce, and misrepresent his words and actions, she encouraged him to persevere in fidelity to God and the souls of men; by testifying, as opportunities offered, against the abounding iniquities of all ranks and descriptions of men. She entertained hopes, that good days yet awaited these sinful lands; but dreaded they would be preceded with awful judgments, expressive of God's indignation at our aggravated sins. So much, indeed, was she satisfied with her husband's conduct, in the very things for which some others made so free to blame him, that she often declared she was determined, if he were put to any trouble on that account, to share every hardship with him, and that nothing but death would separate them. She sometimes said, she was happy to know his loyalty was not owing to the hope of sharing the loaves and fishes, the prospect of which may oft excite much apparent zeal; and that she could attest, what, perhaps, the most flaming loyalist in the nation cannot boast of—that she did not remember the day when she did not hear him pray for our Rulers, supreme and subordinate—a sufficient proof, she thought, he was not disaffected to their real honour, interest, and happiness, however much he might lament some of their measures, as appearing to him fatally subversive of these. Next to the approbation of God and his own conscience, her testimony was consoling to his heart.

The reformation, in Church and State, for which they wished, was not that of force and violence, which, like a swelling torrent, sweep every thing before them, driving that which is solid and substantial to the bottom, while the lightest substances keep the surface; but the reformation, which hath calm reason, and heavenly truth for the spring of its motion, the rule of its operation, and the basis of its rest. They wished to see existing abuses, if possible, so corrected, as to prevent any risk of convulsion in the State, after the example of a neighbouring nation; and to secure honour to whom honour, and tribute to whom tribute is due, upon such a stable ground as would neither depress the rich, nor exalt the poor above their proper level.

But the period of individual exertion seems now over; and there remaineth nothing for the Christian, who is called to let his moderation be known to all men, but to stand still, with solemn awe, and see the vengeance and salvation of our God, who is terrible in his operations to the guilty sons of men. His language now seems to be, with regard to those who mind not his word, nor attend to the operations of his hand, "Sleep on now, and take your rest—They are joined to their idols, let them alone." Convinced of the truth of this, and having already, through Divine aid, delivered his own soul, the Writer, while he laments the folly and madness of mankind, in dashing themselves in pieces against one another, like so many potter's vessels, hath determined to devote the few remaining days of his pilgrimage to the more immediate duties of his office. If he do not from the pulpit trouble his fellow men with alarms of impending danger, from the present convulsed state of the nations, it is not because he sees no hazard; for how can that people be out of danger, among whom sins of deep and aggravated die abound? A spirit of infatuation from the Lord, the usual sad prelude to the execution of deserved wrath, seems to have seized many, so that they will not believe, though an angel were sent to warn them of their danger. The Author hath dreaded, and often deprecated that danger

when viewed at a distance, and also admonished his Countrymen of its more than probable approach, as some of his publications can attest; which, if duly regarded, might do more, through the blessing of God, to save the Nation, than all her Fleets and Armies. But he now despairs of a remedy, unless sinners, of all descriptions, turn speedily from the evil and error of their ways; of which, alas! there is as yet little appearance. For reasons he may not here tarry to specify, he cannot help fearing God is now filling up a cup of trembling for these lands with the red wine of his wrath, no small share of which may fall to the lot of the best, and that the wicked shall be made to wring out and drink the very dregs thereof, Psal. lxxv. 8. But happy shall he be, should the Lord see meet to disappoint his fears.

He has been led, upon the most mature reflection, to consider the present unhappy contest as a scourge in the hand of God, to chastise not only the other nations of Europe, some of which have been long drunk with the blood of his saints, and to whom he may therefore give blood to drink, having found them worthy, but also our own nation; for with us, even with us, are many and great provocations against the Lord our God, which have been long treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, and the revelation of his righteous judgment. To dread and deprecate such a day, can be no crime; to put it afar off, and disregard the signs of its approach, is sure no virtue.

May not the Most High justly say of our nation, as he said of the Jews, "Shall not I visit for these things"—for the abominations committed and tolerated in the midst of you? "shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as 'this?'—Ever will it be found, that righteousness exalteth a nation; while sin, that abominable thing which God hates, if persisted in, and avowed or defended in the face of light, remonstrance and reproof, is the reproach, and will prove the ruin of any people. Much of this reproach pertains to thee, O Britain! What the consequence may be, Heaven alone can tell—This much may be said, however,

though our enemies were all dead men in their tents, the arm of the Lord is not shortened, that he cannot punish; nor are his arrows so spent, that he cannot avenge himself on the impenitent workers of iniquity, who abound every where, especially among the professed defenders of our Isle, who should turn away the battle from the gate. When wicked men wax bold in transgression, presume to violate their Maker's laws with a high hand, and proclaim their sins like Sodom, and hide them not, thus challenging the display of his rectoral justice, it is time for the Lord to work, and he will doubtless work, to avenge the insults offered to his divine administration, and manifest that verily there is a God who ruleth, and judgeth in the earth, and will not be mocked by the potsherds thereof—The Writer may be hated, and traduced, for thus declaring what he apprehends will prove true; and those who speak smooth and flattering things, may be extolled and rewarded as friends to their King and Country; but time will shew whether their or his words be best founded, and who is most justly entitled to that appellation.

But his own private concerns might perhaps swallow up those of a public nature on the present occasion, at least so far as they respect the political state of the world. God forbid, however, that any event in Providence, whether public or private, prosperous or adverse, should wholly extinguish his concern for the honour and safety of his Country, and the happiness of Human kind! Happy, thrice happy they, who are taken away from the evil to come, to a place of absolute security, and uninterrupted joy—who are hid in heavenly chambers, while the indignation of the Lord is passing over the guilty nations: “For behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity; when the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain,” Isa. xxvi. 21. —But to bring this narrative to a close.

The last time the Author left home, before the death of his Spouse, though she felt and owned the propriety of his

removal; yet she discovered unusual anxiety, and reluctance to his departure. During the absence of six weeks or two months, she expressed, in her letters, a more than ordinary concern to hear from him, and repeatedly begged he would write her at greater length. Though she had a child on the breast, and affliction in the family, yet did she redeem time to correspond frequently with her husband. Being a period of much distress and death in the place, her letters were full of the most pertinent remarks on the frailty of human nature, the uncertainty of human life, and the solemn concerns of eternity; while they also shewed all the tender emotions of the most endeared affection, and breathed the language of the most ardent and refined love. This was ever the case, when the friend of her bosom was the correspondent; and, O what a felicity to correspond with a Friend so accomplished!—The fever that raged in the place first seized their eldest daughter, who got happily over it; then the Niece mentioned above, who continued for some time in a precarious way. But, to save his feelings, she concealed the state of the family, till the necessity of the case urged a disclosure. In her last letter, which she wrote in a hurry, she mentioned a dream she had the preceding night, which was calculated to impress the mind, but on which she made a most suitable remark. Being the last her husband received from her hand, and serving to shew the frame of her mind in a very trying situation, he intended to subjoin it to this narrative; but it has some how fallen by, or been lost, that he cannot recover it. She dreamed she saw a Coffin brought into her room, and placed at her bed-foot; on which she remarked, “We have a more sure monitor of our frailty than dreams, to which we should give heed, and be concerned to be found always ready, not knowing the day, nor the hour, when the Son of man cometh.” It would appear, however, from the sequel, that she regarded this as a premonition, whence she anticipated her approaching change. While she expressed the greatest joy at the near prospect of seeing her husband

once more, she added, with her wonted benevolence, "I can scarce, however, bid you come over, lest you "catch the infection." He instantly resolved to return home, be the consequence to himself what it would. Having been previously invited to sup with a few Friends, though they shewed him every kind attention, he could scarce support his spirits. Retiring to bed, full of anxious thoughts, when he closed his eyes in sleep, he began to dream he was travelling over very rugged ground, and came at length to a bridge, where the river overflowed its banks. With difficulty he reached the farther side, where he thought he saw a tuft of beautiful young trees, one of which attracted his attention. Wishing to carry it home with him as a great curiosity, he cut it down; and as he climbed with difficulty a steep ascent, bearing it upon his shoulder, he thought he looked up, and lo! to his surprize, the top of it appeared like a dead person's head, bound round with a napkin. He awaked with no small concern on his mind; but endeavoured to commit his whole family to the Lord. He tarried till towards the afternoon of next day, wishing to carry with him the first half-sheet of this production, which she had expressed a desire to see. Passing that night at —, anxious to catch the morning tide, he awaked from a short but disturbed sleep, in deep distress of mind. He thought he received a severe blow on the mouth, which knocked out one of his teeth, and caused much pain, and a copious effusion of blood. He at once recollected, that this is usually interpreted as portending the loss of a near relation; yet exclaimed to himself, "In spite of all "dreams, I'll trust in God!"

The Reader can easily imagine the state of his mind on that journey. He, however, was helped to plead and believe, that the Lord would be his very present help in trouble. To such a degree was the load removed from his mind, in consequence of this exercise, that he began to promise himself the storm would blow over without making any breach in the family. Hence, he was the more easily

prevailed on to pass that night in a worthy Minister's house, of the Established church, under whose friendly roof the Author's Dear Spouse had spent many a night in her younger years. With them he tarried next morning till family worship and breakfast were over.

When he reached home, he found his Niece somewhat better, and his Wife in apparent health, the same dear, contented, and affectionate Creature she had ever been. He was received, as on similar occasions, with every demonstration of unfeigned joy—Things drawing now towards a solemn crisis, he would gladly draw a veil over the concluding scene, and spare the Reader's feelings and his own. But why should he preclude access to the house of mourning, in which he and all men are so deeply concerned, when the wisest of mere men tells us, That “it is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart. Sorrow, (adds he) is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.”—Let us then attend the righteous on their dying couch, and mark with what peace a Christian can die; and to the last resort of human kind—the house appointed for all living. Let us deem the man our friend, who would conduct us thither; for old and young, rich and poor, male and female, have an interest here; and the fault must be our own if we derive no improvement from these affecting scenes.

Next day, after he reached his own house, being the Lord's day, she attended public worship in the forenoon, in which her husband presided; but complained when she came home, that she felt all the time as if cold water were pouring upon her. She kept up till bed-time, though very indisposed, but went no more abroad; and though she rose in the morning, and joined in worship, yet was obliged to betake herself to bed towards the after part of the day. The fever gradually increased, and affected her brain, some lucid intervals ex-

cepted. Nothing more readily brought her to herself, than engaging in pious discourse, or in prayer. She was all along haunted with a fancy, that she was not at home; whence she made several efforts to get home, as she expressed it. She sometimes spake in a pious strain to the woman that waited on her, and repeatedly expressed a desire to see her children. There was no persuading her, that her son was not dead, and she made inquiries respecting his burial. Of this apprehension the very sight of him did not cure her. She was all along very distressed, though at times a begun recovery seemed apparent in her case. When her husband would persuade her, that the Lord would yet spare her for his comfort, and the benefit of her family, as he had repeatedly before done, in situations of imminent danger, she shook her head, and seemed to disrelish such persuasions. On the eighth day of the fever, the Lord's day before her death, she was very low, and about noon said, "My Dear, "I think I shall scarce put over this night." Before bedtime she appeared to be at the very gate of death; but seemed several times through the week to have a promising mitigation of her distress, at least to the view of spectators, and as frequent relapses. She often sat up in bed with a person behind her, or in an easy chair, owing to a difficulty she found in breathing. Often did she regret that we did not perform family worship beside her, and would sometimes ask, "Is worship yet over?" The day she died, when her husband rose from his knees at her bedside, she affectionately thanked him, and not long after clasped him in her arms, and kissed him with great affection. Little did he then think it was the last time he should have that pleasure. Having, at her desire, helped her out of bed into the chair, she took some refreshment with apparent relish, and seemed somewhat easy. In this situation he left her, and retired to an adjacent room. But he was no time there when his assistance was called for, to persuade her to lie down, as she was like to master both the women that waited on her, in her eagerness, as she termed it, to get

home. While he pleaded with her to lie down, she exclaimed, "Mr D. you will bring my death on your head, by opposing my getting home; retire to the other room, and do not trouble me. It is the first time I ever thought you would have a hand in my death." As she uttered this last sentence, her heart seemed to melt. She cried for the maid to go and fetch her a chair to carry her home; all the time standing on her feet, and pressing to remove. In a little, however, she became quite calm, and consented to go to bed, where she settled herself on the pillow, as if inclined to rest. Wishing to keep her quiet, the curtains were drawn, and he withdrew to next room. To the young woman, who sat beside her, she said, "Be thankful to God that you enjoy a Gospel-ministry," which were the last words she was heard to utter. The nurse perceiving a change, sent for him as he was committing to paper, the eight lines page 17. that begin with—"His gain my loss," &c. which had occurred a few moments before, as he stood by her bed; yet without the least eye to the event that followed, he still fondly expecting a recovery, and looking on her late high turn as a violent exertion of nature at the crisis of the fever. While engaged in prayer, she departed without a sigh, a throb, or shrink of countenance, and obtained, without doubt, an entrance into her Master's joys.—What were her husband's emotions when he opened his eyes, and saw that face, which he often beheld with extatic joy, changed by death—these eyes, which often beamed affection to his heart, now vitrified, and sealed in their socket, never to open till the heavens be no more—and these lips, whose utterance so often consoled his heart, now shut, to move no more in the land of mortals!—O Death, how terrible to nature thy approach!—O Grave, how gloomy the avenue to thy dread abode! But thanks—eternal thanks to Jesus, who hath vanquished the one, and unstung the other. Over his devoted followers they have no fatal power.

Seeing the will of God now manifested, the troubled flood in his breast, which had been for so many days alter-

nately ebbing and flowing, subsided into a calm. He recollected what is recorded of the pious Mr Durham, that when his much beloved wife lay a corpse before him, he said to the spectators, " Did any on earth tell me that what I now " see would work together for my good, I would give him " the lie; but because God hath said it, I believe it." This saying of that holy man, he mentioned next day in his sermon.—Thus the Author lost a most excellent Wife—his children a worthy Parent, who always cared for them—the circle of her acquaintance a steady Friend—and the church of God on earth a most valuable Member. No wonder her Brother was deeply affected at the heavy tidings which informed him of the death of his only Sister, of his only surviving relative, her children excepted. It is not every brother that hath such a sister to lose, or every husband that can boast of such a wife. But, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord—their latter end is peace, and there is hope in their death. " Happy is that people that is in such a " case; yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord!"

Did the Lord see meet to indulge her with the cool exercise of reason, in the near prospect of that event, to the following effect might she be supposed to express herself; —" I thank you, my Dearest Friend, for all the love you " have entertained for me, and for all the tender sympathy " you have now and formerly shewed. I know you will " always respect my memory; and never shall I forget the " endearing expressions of our mutual love. I give you " unfeigned thanks for the many prayers you have offered " up to God on my behalf, which I trust he hath graciously heard.

" I am now going the way of all flesh; for I feel the sentence of death in myself, and will soon be where they " neither marry, nor are given in marriage. Though our " relation to each other as husband and wife is now about " to cease, yet are we united in bands that shall never be " broken; for still will I regard you as a dear brother in " Christ, and one mansion in our Father's house shall be

“ours for ever. The time is short till we meet again ne-
 “ver more to part; and mourn not, therefore, on account
 “of my death, as they that have no hope. I commit you,
 “my Dear Friend, whom I have always so tenderly loved,
 “—I commit the Dear Children whom the Lord has given
 “us, as the pledges of our mutual affection, and the whole
 “Family, to God, and to the word of his grace, who is able
 “to keep you, and to give you an inheritance among the
 “saints in light,—to whom I have often recommended
 “you all. The charge of these Dear Babes now devolves
 “doubly on you, while spared with them. May the Lord
 “make you a lasting blessing to them, and them an emi-
 “nent comfort to you, and to all their Friends! To your
 “care, under God, my Dear Spouse—my very much belo-
 “ved Friend, I recommend them, and hope my Dear sur-
 “viving Brother will never be wanting in duty towards
 “them.

“I have a Father, three children, and other relations in
 “heaven before me, and, I trust, a Mother too, though ta-
 “ken from me in early life, before I knew her value. I
 “hope soon to join with them in praising the riches of re-
 “deeming grace. There are other relations who will ere
 “long follow; and so we shall be for ever with the Lord.
 “Comfort one another, after my decease, with the joyful
 “prospect. For your sake, my very dear, and much e-
 “steemed Friend, and for the benefit of these dear young
 “ones, I could be content still to live, amidst all the trials
 “of this vain, sinful world; but since it is the will of God,
 “whose we are, and whom we are bound to obey and serve,
 “that we should now part, I am resigned—his holy will
 “be done.

“May the Lord make you faithful in his service to the
 “death, and give you many for a crown of joy and rejoy-
 “cing at the day of his final appearance; for which I have
 “often prayed, and of which I have sometimes made free
 “to express my humble hope. There is little in the Church
 “at present, and far less in the world, to attach my heart

" to either. The Lord, who hath bought and washed me
 " with his precious blood, and clothed my naked and defi-
 " led soul with his spotless righteousness, is now calling
 " me up to his and my Father's house, to serve and enjoy
 " him to far better purpose than ever I did or could do here
 " below. I seem to hear his voice, and to see my guardi-
 " an angel beckoning me to come away. The Spirit of purity,
 " of love and joy, now witnesseth with my spirit that I am
 " one of God's children. As he hath led me so far through
 " the wilderness, he now offers his kind service to conduct
 " me to the land of uprightness. My divine Lord, with
 " whom I shall soon be, is now giving his angels charge o-
 " ver me, to conduct me safely to his heavenly mansions.
 " There I shall, in a little, behold his glory, and be for e-
 " ver satisfied with his likeness; for I seem to hear him
 " saying, " Father, I will that this thy Handmaid, whom
 " thou hast given me, be with me where I am, to behold
 " my glory."

" To the free, unmerited love of God in Christ Jesus I
 " ascribe the whole of my salvation. I die in the assured
 " hope of a blessed resurrection, to the full possession of e-
 " ternal life. O! be ye all concerned to make your calling
 " and election sure; for it is a weighty matter to die. The
 " Lord be with you all, and bless you, and make you bles-
 " sings to one another! Time and strength fail me to say
 " what I could wish to say on the present occasion. I com-
 " mend you all to the Lord, who is able to bless and guide
 " you; and pray we may all meet in his house above, where
 " the endeared union of saints is complete, and where the
 " pain of absence, or the pangs of separation, shall never
 " more be felt or dreaded.

" I again return thanks to you all for every kind atten-
 " tion you have shewed me, and for the concern you disco-
 " ver on the present occasion. I know you love me; and
 " you should therefore rejoice because I am soon to be de-
 " livered from sin, the worst of evils, and from all the mi-
 " series of this life, and to go to my heavenly Father, to be

“made completely happy in his glorious presence.—Some
 “of you whom I leave behind, I hope soon to congratulate
 “on your safe arrival in the city of our God—the new
 “Jerusalem, within whose gates no unclean thing can en-
 “ter. May the Lord grant we may be so happy, as all to
 “meet and dwell together in these blissful mansions! The
 “Lord grant you the gift of faith—that faith which work-
 “eth by love, and purifieth the heart; and work in you all
 “the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of this
 “faith with power! Strive to walk in the narrow way
 “that leads to a never-dying life. Diligently attend the
 “means of grace, and mix faith and prayer with the read-
 “ing and hearing of the word. Restrain prayer no day be-
 “fore God, make conscience of reading his word daily, and
 “let your life and conversation be such as become the
 “Gospel; for he is faithful who hath promised to be the
 “God of his people for ever and ever, and their guide
 “even unto death. Let the fear of the Lord be ever before
 “your eyes; for “surely I know that it shall be well with
 “them that fear God, which fear before him.”—These, my
 “Dear Children, are the last advices of your dying Mother
 “—the last advices of your dear Spouse, my beloved Hus-
 “band—and of your cordial Friend and Daughter, my a-
 “ged and respected Mother. Such are my last advi-
 “ces to you all, who now attend me in my dying moments,
 “and particularly to you, dear B—a, who hath been so
 “lately snatched from the gates of death. May they not
 “be in vain in the Lord!—“Lord, now lettest thou thy
 “servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine
 “eyes have seen thy salvation.”

In such a manner did she express herself on other occa-
 sions, so far as distress would permit, when she apprehended
 death to be at the door, and looked forward in prospect of it,
 in the full possession of all her senses. Had it been the will
 of God to grant her this blessing in the near view of death,
 she would doubtless employ that talent to his glory, and
 the benefit of all around her. The denial of this made the

trial the heavier; but the Lord may do with his own what seemeth him good, and he is just and gracious in all his ways. Had she not been previously prepared by his grace for the event, how mournful would that circumstance be! What a solemn warning to the living, not to presume on the efforts of a sick-bed—not to delay the one thing needful till sickness oppress the feeble frame, and death make his approach like a thief in the night.

On one of these trying occasions, to which her husband begs leave to advert, her life was in imminent danger, and her faith and patience were put to the test. She was seized with what the Doctor concluded to be an inflammation in the bowels. The disorder made rapid progress, and excited, in the course of a few hours, such excruciating pains as convulsed her whole frame. The late hour of the night, when it came to an apparent crisis, made it the more inconvenient to procure medical assistance. Such was the torture, that while she took firm hold of her husband, she made him all shake. While the Doctor was expected, who had about a mile to come, she spake of her approaching, and, as she thought, immediate dissolution, with great composure and tranquillity of mind, expressing some of the sentiments above recorded. At first her husband gave up all hope, and felt, while he stood by her, what he cannot describe. To the Lord, however, was he enabled to commit her case, and his hopes of her recovery began to revive. This he told her; but she thought the rapid progress, and violent effects of the distemper precluded every such hope.

With what patience, submission to the Divine will, and Christian fortitude, did she bear the increasing torture of the malady! Tranquil and composed, she possessed her own soul, while she viewed herself as standing on the very verge of the eternal world, with the tribunal of her supreme Judge full in view. She knew in whom she had believed, and the hopes of being soon with him, and of meeting her husband in due time, never to be separated, stayed and consoled her

heart. To the faith of a Christian, how trying such situations, while feeble nature is unable to bear the shock!— So soon as a vein was opened in her arm, it pleased God to give a favourable turn to the disorder. Her extreme pains were blunted, and medical applications gradually wrought a cure. When the message reached the Doctor, though in bed, he came in great haste; to which, under God, she owed a reprieve from death. A miscarriage, however, succeeded, which probably had a good effect in counteracting the distemper. To her husband's great joy, and farther obligations to the divine goodness, was she thus once more restored to her family; for her time was not yet come. Having repeatedly seen such deliverances wrought for her, he presumed on the renewal of the same favour in her last illness; but she had then reached the bounds over which none can pass. The continuance of such a gift with her husband, though but for a few years more, still claims and commands gratitude and praise.

Her husband, not apprehending death to be in the cup, though his mind was all along tossed to and fro betwixt hope and fear, and having enjoyed so little of her conversation since his return home, the Reader may imagine his situation at the solemn event. The Lord, however, supported, and approved himself a present help in this time of need and trouble. Now he saw her last words to him to be a renunciation of the marriage tie, and a just reproof from God, for not resigning her more cordially to his sovereign disposal, who hath a right to determine our days, and to fix the bounds over which we cannot pass. Now he felt the force of the lines he had a little before written, and saw the tendency of the texts of Scripture from which he had lately preached, and of the several premonitions he had received, but resisted. He fondly flattered himself, that God would not add this heavy trial to others he then endured; that as the sparing of her life seemed necessary to the due care of his family, when he proposed to go and preach the Gospel in a distant part of the land, so the Lord would not,

at this time deprive him of the delight of his eyes with a stroke, especially as he had made them both willing to deny themselves for a season all the pleasure of each other's society, from a desire to promote the salvation of immortal souls. These considerations, and the ease of mind the Writer got on his way home, in committing his concerns to the Lord, led him to put the evil day afar off, and to promise himself a lengthening out of his domestic tranquillity. How vain and foolish often are our reasonings, as if God could not carry on his purposes without humouring us, and moving in the tract we presume to prescribe? When soliciting the sympathy and prayers of a worthy Christian friend, to whom he imparted his hopes, that friend advised him not to indulge these hopes—that in prayer for the recovery of his Spouse, her mind was much impressed with these words —“ The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath “ made herself ready.” Accusing himself on these and other accounts, he retired to his closet, and with contrite heart humbled himself before God, imploring his mercy, to pardon every sin and short-coming in duty during the period of their married state, as he hath been often led to do since, and his divine sympathy on the present occasion. He was enabled also to render unfeigned thanks to God, for the honour and happiness done him in so endeared a connection; likewise for the assured and delightful hope he gave, that his late dear Consort was now happy in his glorious presence. In this exercise he attained a cordial acquiescence in the Divine will, now manifested by the event. At the recollection of these things his heart kisses the rod, and adores him who hath appointed it.

At the beginning of her distress, she much desired to see an old maid of her Father's, who had faithfully served him for eighteen years, who came and attended her to the last, and consented to wait on the children for some months, which became the more necessary as their own maid took the fever also, but hath since happily recovered. A pious young woman, a member of his late congregation, conferred

on him a great obligation, by attending his wife night and day for some time before her death, which, through the kindness of Providence, did not prove prejudicial to her own health. He was glad to learn, that the watches of the night were sometimes spent with this young woman in pious converse and social prayer, when she was quite recollected. To her she addressed her last words, and would fain have proceeded, but the power of utterance failed.—The cloud, through which the Writer and his family were thus called to pass, was dark and chilling; yet a cheering light broke through the midnight gloom. The near concerns were not left to sorrow without hope. She died late on Saturday, the 2d of February last, in the 39th year of her age, after being married eleven years and an half. That day she asked if it was not the Communion, an ordinance she anticipated always with joy, and the frequent administration of which she desired with great desire, and often expressed her hopes that this good old way would be yet restored among Christians, in spite of all the efforts of earth and hell to prevent it. To her it proved indeed a Communion-day; for before its close began her eternal Sabbath, and that full Communion above, which shall never be interrupted. Her poor husband, intent on his own comfort, foolishly doated on the continuance of her natural life, and chiefly prayed for her recovery, though he durst not be importunate, nor had that liberty as when he prayed that God might glorify himself in and by her, in life and at death. The former he saw meet to deny; but granted unspeakably better, a life placed beyond the reach of disease and death. She was lovely in her life; and in her death the Lord was pleased to manifest his love, by taking her to himself.

Though her husband scarce slept any that night, yet he obtained strength to officiate both parts of next day. He lectured from John xiv. at the beginning, and preached from the 28th verse: "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I go to the Father." Though he fixed on both passages after she departed, and was often tempted to desert the sermon,

and return to the one he had previously intended; yet the Lord deigned to give him uncommon liberty, and a most savoury sense on his own mind of the truths he delivered. Never did he preach with such an impression on his own spirits as that afternoon, or to such a deeply-affected audience. Though the house was full, yet was it thought there was scarce an individual who did not appear much impressed, and that throughout the whole service. He durst not neglect the opportunity; nay, he was glad to embrace it, praying and hoping the Lord would honour his Dear Spouse in her death, by making it a time to be had in everlasting remembrance to some. And he is not without hope, that her death was the occasion of quickening some dead souls to life, at least of leading some wise virgins to go forth to meet the Bridegroom at his coming—The day will declare. He thought it his duty, while his own heart was bowed and melted beneath the rod, and while the people might be in some measure prepared, by the dispensation, to hear, to concur with Providence, by embracing the opportunity of preaching the word to them. And the apparent reception of his services, on that and similar occasions, justified such a resolution; while the seasonable truths adverted to, gave an inward peace and joy to the speaker, under his affliction, which no other mode of spending the time could promise or impart. Towards the close of the discourse, indeed, the power of utterance failed him, and he was obliged to point out a psalm to be sung till he could recover himself, when he delivered what he intended. He had many applications to publish that sermon; but what gave it chief energy would be wanting in any after attempt to commit it to paper.

Support on such occasions verifies the truth and efficacy of that promise,—“As thy day is, so shall thy strength be,” and shews what a good Master Christians are called to serve. The Writer would by no means, however, be understood as reflecting on any who may think it their duty to decline public services on such occasions, or feel them-

selves indisposed to perform them ; and he hopes none will impute to the want of due feeling, or Christian sensibility, his abounding in his Master's service, when his afflicting hand was laid upon him. That event led him to resolve to embrace every opportunity, given in Providence, of preaching the Gospel to every creature that is willing to hear him, whether in a R—f house or a M——st chapel, or elsewhere, believing the commission of Jesus to his servants authorises this, though it may not comport with Modern Church-politics. To that resolution he determines to adhere, though his so doing should procure his being cast out of the Synagogue, hoping, in that case, Jesus will not fail to meet and own him.

He who knows the end from the beginning, led his mind to fix on very suitable texts, previous to the late affliction, in which he could not, on reflection, but adore his goodness. Some of these were—" I am the resurrection and the life "—His servants shall serve him, and they shall see his " face—There is no night there ;" and on these topics he was helped to speak with uncommon enlargement of heart. It was remarked also, that the stranger who preached in his late place of worship, the Lord's day before his Friend's death, had for his text, " Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, " go ye out to meet him."

The Author feels grateful to the people of the place for the general sympathy they shewed on that occasion, and the particular marks of friendship manifested by some. Few private persons have perhaps died for a long time, whose death excited more general concern. Her husband was told, that the common remark made on the event was, " She has not left her like in the place"—a remark very grateful to his feelings. On the day of her interment, the 6th of the month, though very stormy, the streets, as they passed, were lined with people of every age and sex, not few of whom were said to be in tears. This is a part of the reward of the righteous, a prelude to that best of all applauses—" Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye

"into the joy of your Lord." She was one of those happy few, of whom all men that knew her spake well. Her husband wished much to carry her remains to be interred in the Family burying-ground, beside the remains of her Father, Mother, and three Children; but the uncommon storm that prevailed at the time rendered this impracticable.

Though the whole family were more or less indisposed at the time; yet it pleased God, that she should be the only victim; and, indeed, none in it were so fit for the change. It was remarkable, that, though her husband gave up his pastoral charge, and intended to remove elsewhere against the term, she could not reconcile her mind to the thought of leaving the place; and God so ordered, that she should have no occasion, by terminating her days, and bringing her to her long home there. The impression made by her death on her favourite boy was remarkable. She was continually in his mouth, and his remarks, for a child of his age, were often uncommon and affecting. Viewing her profile, he would exclaim, "There my Ma', but my best Ma' is with God "in heaven." When his father was about to take with him her profile, a very striking likeness, poor lamb, he burst out in tears, and continued to cry bitterly for a couple of hours, refusing to be pacified; "Pa', you have taken "away my Ma' already; will you take away my other Ma'?" "will ye take away both Ma's?" When his sister was upbraided with not discovering the same concern, her reply was, "Do you think I do not think of my mother, because "I do not speak of her so often as N.?" May the Lord act the part of their kind parent, and grant mercy with him in that day! "This God be our God for ever and ever, "and our guide even unto death!"—Their father, in the course of Providence, removed at a distance, to a solitary room, leaving his family for a time behind him. There he drew up this Memoir, in which the Reader cannot expect the beauties of composition, seeing the subject too deeply interested and awaked the Author's feelings, to permit such a review as correct writing requires. It is, however, the

language of the heart; and may He, who hath the hearts of all in his hand, make it reach the heart of those who are pleased to peruse it! Upon the survey of the whole, though some may think he hath said too much in his Friend's praise, he cannot charge himself with exceeding; nay, it were easy to add many things more, worthy of notice.

Some, through whose hands this publication may pass, will blame, or approve as they are affected, and the cool reader may indeed find many things to blame; but the Author neither courts the applause, nor dreads the censure of the world, provided he is so happy as to be enabled to act with integrity in the sight of God; however anxious he be to benefit his fellow-men, and avoid just ground of animadversion. It is a light matter to be judged of man's judgment in such cases. A Christian, so far as he acts in character, has no ground to blush for exposing his private conduct to public view; and the knowledge of his very errors and infirmities may be of use to others. They must feel as the Author felt to view every thing with his eyes, and that is not to be expected. He hopes, however, a generous Public will not leave the impression to lie upon his hand, which would materially hurt him in present circumstances. With all its imperfections, he trusts this tract may be the mean of doing some good; at least, his heart's desire and prayer to God is, that it may not be in vain. The circumstances in which this Memoir was drawn up, under the impression of a recent heavy affliction, at a distance from his family, and in a solitary room, must have more or less imparted a tinge to what hath passed through his mind. Yet, irksome as that retirement at first seemed, he hopes he can say, in his measure, with his blessed Master, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me." Often is his late endeared Friend present to his thoughts.

One morning of late, in his sleep, he thought he saw her standing by his bed, and stooping to give him an affectionate kiss. While he pressed her to his breast, his heart overflowing with joy, and felt anxious to prevent her de-

parture, he asked, with fond hope, "Are not you Mrs D.?" He thought she made answer in the negative, which at once overwhelmed his spirits; whence he awaked, with a pressure on his mind, and found it was a dream. The power of imagination in sleep affords presumptive proof, that there is something in man, whose existence and consciousness survive the stroke of death, and may be happy or miserable in a state of separation from the body, or without the inlets of corporeal organs.

The Author blesses God, who hath thus brought him near the close of this work, in the publication of which he hath felt himself much interested. What reception it may find among Christians, or what good the Lord may be pleased to do by it, he cannot tell, nor does it belong to him to say; but when he thought himself affected by the fever, soon after his wife's death, the greatest regret he felt, should death then abridge his service, was the leaving of this tract unfinished, it being only the length of a second half-sheet. He thought with himself he would the more chearfully die, should the Lord be pleased to spare him till he saw it published. Little did he imagine, when he presented the first half-sheet to his wife, and begged to have her opinion, to which he always paid much deference in such cases, that the performance was to contain a Memoir of herself. So blind are we to the future, that we know not what a very short period may bring forth, which loudly inculcates our Lord's admonition, "Be ye also ready; for in an hour when "ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Upon the whole, after all the agitation of mind, and the pungent sorrow the loss of so dear and valuable a friend can excite or claim, the assured hope that she has died only to live, opens a rich source of consolation. In losing her, so far as regards themselves, her connexions must deplore the loss; but, independent of that consideration, have they not cause to rejoice, when they reflect, as indeed every Christian hath in a similar case, that she has finished her course with joy, in a state of vital union to Him, who hath been the Guardian of her youth, and the Guide of her more

advanced years, into whose divine joys she at death entered.—Though not old in years, yet mature in piety and grace, she dropt into her grave, like fruit into a mother's lap in Autumn. How pleasing to form an idea of the joy and triumph of her pure and gentle spirit, when disengaged from the burden and confinement of mortality, and flying, with seraphic wing, into the immediate presence of her God, and to the very throne of her once crucified, but now exalted and glorified Saviour!—On earth, she has left a pattern to survivors worthy of imitation. Angels beheld her exit with joy, and hailed her entrance into their pure and blissful mansions with rapturous songs of praise. May the Lord remove every film from our eyes, and give daily to look towards him, who is the everlasting fountain of light and life, and whom to know is life eternal; that living the life of the righteous, we may die their death, and have our latter end like theirs!

Now my Dear young Friends of either sex, who may happen to cast your eyes over these pages, and for whose use this little tract is chiefly intended, be concerned, above all things, to possess genuine piety towards God, and to exemplify its power and influence in the whole of your deportment. In indulging a pure affection, and forming matrimonial connexions, let this be sought and prized as the chief accomplishment—the want of which nothing can supply. The mutual possession of this inestimable treasure, will enrich and dignify for time and eternity; and also sweeten the bitterest ingredients in your cup, dispel the gloom that often overcasts the vale of tears, and brighten all your prospects. To the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus, nothing can compare in these respects, which the unworthy Writer can attest from his own little experience; for he had often fainted and sunk, did he not experience something of the goodness of God, in his word and ordinances, in the land of the living, and believe that his goodness and mercy would still attend him. Glad would he be, should the Lord deign to bless this feeble essay for your

good, and the good of all who may deign to peruse it. When he put it to press, he did not intend to conduct his young Friends to the dark vale of affliction and death; but the Lord, who knows that even the youngest, the fairest and most accomplished, have need often to cast an eye over that unwelcome vale, imposed the task upon him, by a smarting rod, and demands your attention to the fruits of his little experience in the school of adversity. Be not afraid that you will attend to these subjects too soon; or that early attention to them will destroy one single valuable enjoyment of life. Early piety crowns life with honour and with joy; and the want of it treasures up materials for future sorrow and disgrace.

He who gets a good wife, and she that gets a good husband, obtains favour of the Lord. Like every other good gift, this is to be sought from above, from the Father of lights, who delights to bless those who trust in him. What are all the gratifications of the men of pleasure in the dear-bought, but degrading society of a mistress or courtesan, compared to the pure joys that flow from the tender friendship and endearments of two hearts, united by congenial views and dispositions, animated by mutual affection, cemented by ten thousand reciprocal kind offices, and elevated with the pleasing, the certain hopes of a blessed immortality in the perpetual society of each other! The poor libertine—the unhappy infidel, who rejects the faith and hopes of the Gospel, and counts himself unworthy of eternal life, cannot, dare not pretend to joys like these. That they may be yours, my Dear young Friends, is, and hath often been, the Author's heart-felt desire, and earnest prayer.

And let Christian husbands and wives study to live together according to knowledge, as fellow-heirs of the grace of life, being helpers of each other's faith, holiness, and joy, and provoking one another to love and to good works. Bear habitually in mind the serious truth suggested by the Apostle, "But this I say, brethren, the time is short. It remaineth that both they that have wives, be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept

“not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not.” What a powerful motive to moderate our attachment to such objects while continued with us, and our sorrow when deprived of them; and, also to stimulate to fidelity in the discharge of relative duties! Be ever so attentive to these, when death comes, and you begin to take a retrospect of your past conduct, in the convincing light of eternity, you will see many things to lament, and with which to accuse yourselves. These defects, like the shadow, may appear little in the meridian of life; but, rest assured, they will increase in magnitude with your setting sun. If this performance be the mean of doing you any good, give God the glory, and let the Author and his Family have a share in your sympathy and prayers. May Divine grace enable the Reader and the Author, with all that they should bear on their heart before God, to be followers of them, who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises, till they attain the end of their faith, even that everlasting salvation with which Israel shall be saved in the Lord!

SUBJOINED is a character of the Author's late Spouse, which appeared in the news-papers. It was written, unsolicited, by a neutral person, a respectable minister in their neighbourhood, who had frequent access to observe her conduct in private life, and possesses such a regard to truth, as not to write on any occasion, out of compliment, what did not accord with the sentiments of his heart.—That, with an Acrostic on her name, composed by her husband while she lay a corpse; and also some verses which appeared in another of his publications, will conclude this piece.

“DIED, at D——, the 2d current, M. A. I. M——r,
 “Daughter of the deceased W. M. Esq. of —— and Spouse
 “to the —— late Pastor of the —— there. Her
 “Piety was genuine, without the least affectation. Her na-
 “tural dispositions were soft, mild, and gentle. Ever calm
 “and recollected, she was submissive to the Divine will, and

“bare affliction with patience and Christian fortitude. In
 “the whole of her deportment, she was most amiable, kind,
 “and courteous. She ever felt for the dietressed—was libe-
 “ral to the indigent, and a cordial and steady friend, espec-
 “ially to such as bare the image of Jesus. Her death is sin-
 “cerely lamented by all who knew her.”

To the MEMORY of the AUTHOR's late SPOUSE.

MY task, tho' painful, must due tribute be—
 Alas! Dear Friend, that brought to this so soon!
 Rich gifts thy Saviour hath bestow'd on Thee;
 Yet call'd Thee home ere Thou hadst much pass'd noon.

An heir of bliss his love and pow'r Thee made;
 Nought but his grace did make Thee such appear—
 Nought but his grace thy virtues daily fed;
 Excell'd by few—his image Thou did'st bear.

In thy decease have many lost a Friend—
 Sure gain to Thee that loss did doubtless prove;
 A modest worth did thy whole port commend—
 Blest was thy spouse in thy refined love.
 Eternal life and joys are now thy share,
 Lov'd by thy God—with thy Redeemer dear;
 Lodg'd in the mansion fitted by his care,
 And his soft hand there wip'd away each tear.

Matur'd for this, the heav'nly hosts Thee greet;
 In early youth thy God possess'd thy love.
 Long will thy Friends thy Dear, Dear Name repeat—
 Long at the sound will their soft passions move.
 A loan so dear, we glad would still enjoy;
 Reclaim'd, now Jesus' feats thy praise employ.

Almighty Sire! thy praise be still our theme;
 Repair our loss—from ev'ry ill redeem!

The Dying CHRISTIAN'S SOLILOQUY and PRAYER.

CEASE now, fond nature, cease to strive,
 Sure I must die ere I can live;
 My soul, that spark of heav'nly flame,
 To share true life must quit this frame.

Earth's ev'ry scene now disappears,
 Angelic songs delight my ears;
 On wings of faith I mount, I fly,
 My soul seeks to her native sky.

With heav'n and Jesus full in view,
 Tho' nature fails, I strength renew;
 The grave can sure no vict'ry boast,
 And death his fatal sting hath lost.

I seem to hear bright angels say,
 Come, kindred spirit, come away;
 Fear not to pass thro' death's abode,
 The road, tho' dark, yet leads to God.

We are commission'd to escort
 Thee safe into thy Father's court,
 Who bids his exil'd child come home;
 We in his name now bid thee come.

Thy house of clay to earth resign,
 Nor sin, nor pain shall more be thine;
 Ascend to mansions pure on high,
 Where saints are blest, and ne'er can die.

Yea, 'tis my Father calls me home,
 I feel my hour of exit's come;
 Now, Lord, bid all my troubles cease,
 And let my soul depart in peace.

Thy worthless servant, Lord, am I,
 O be not strict my faults to try;
 My God, my Saviour, and my all,
 Before thy throne I prostrate fall.

Mine eyes have seen thy glory, Lord,
 My heart hath felt thy pow'rful word,
 And often tasted of thy love;
 Me welcome then to dwell above.

My days of pilgrimage are o'er,
 I see, by faith, the farther shore;
 Death is the bark which wafts me home,
 Father in heav'n, now bid me come.

The race decreed, I now have run,
 My warfare's o'er, the prize is won;
 My heart and treasure are on high,
 Why should I then once fear to die?

My works of faith I all disclaim,
 My only boast is Jesus' Name;
 His Grace and Merits form my plea,
 To these, for shelter, Lord, I flee.



Me wash from sin in thine own blood,
 And then present before thy God,
 To share the treasures of his love,
 And bliss partake with thee above.

Without regret I earth resign,
 But for these friends, who too are thine;
 Their hearts console, wipe off each tear,
 O may they still to thee be dear.

My soul, my all, I to thy care
 Commit with my expiring pray'r;
 O shield me round from death's alarms,
 With thine almighty friendly arms.

To thee, my God, now bid me come,
 Thine angels charge to guard me home;
 Now let thy servant die in peace,
 And all his cares for ever cease.



